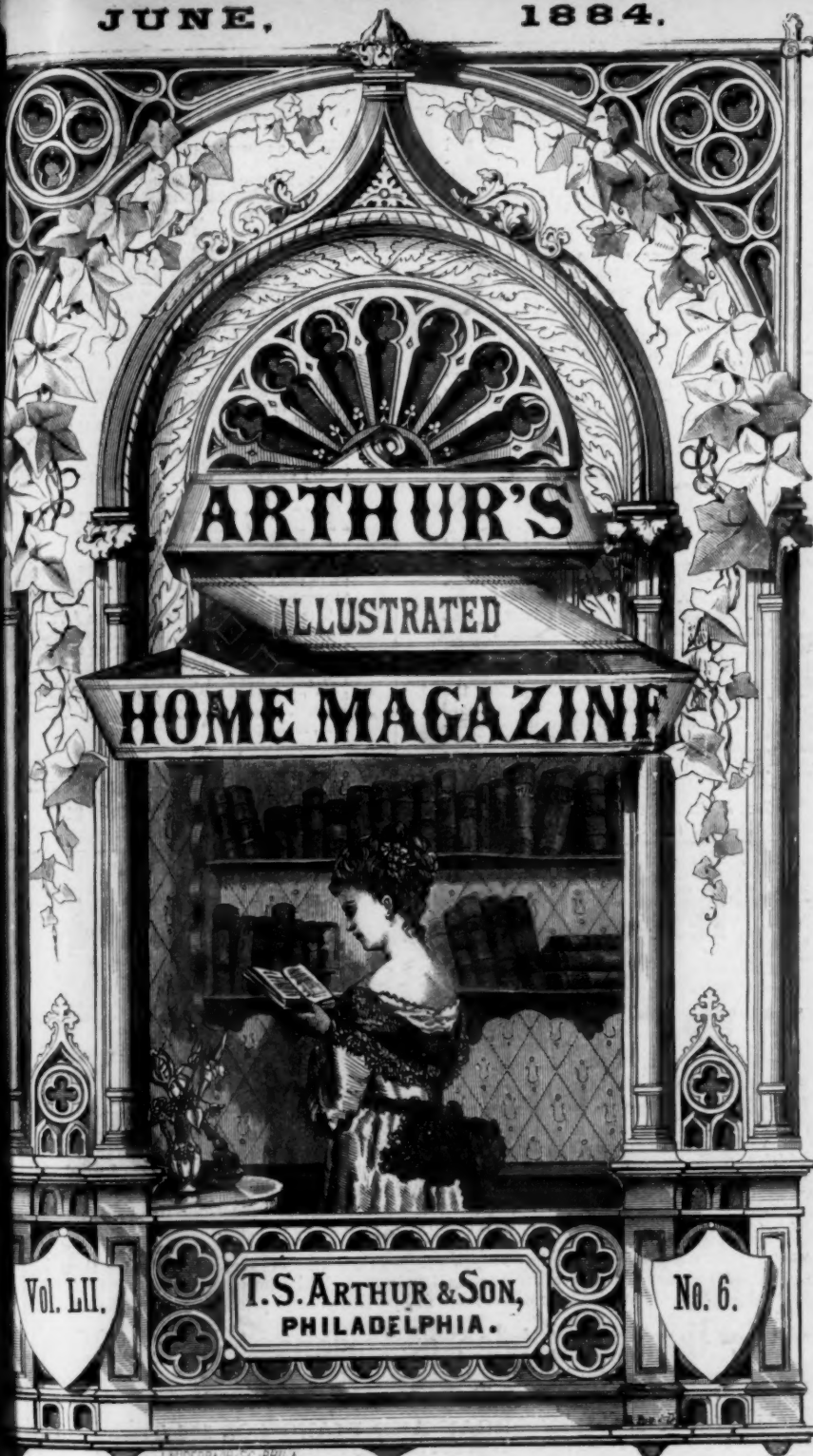


JUNE,


1864.



**ARTHUR'S**

**ILLUSTRATED**

**HOME MAGAZINE**



**Vol. LII.**

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**No. 6.**

FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC upon their excellence alone, have attained an UNPURCHASED PRE-  
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affects seriously all the digestive and assimilative organs, including the **Kidneys**. When these organs are so affected, they fail to extract from the blood the uric acid, which, carried through the circulation, causes **Rheumatism** and **Neuralgia**.

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## Dyspepsia,

follows. Fetid Breath, Gastric Pains, Headache, Acidity of the Stomach, Water-brash, Nervousness, and Depression, are all evidences of the presence of this distressing malady. A **Sure Relief** for irregularities of the Stomach and all consequent diseases, will be found in the use of

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# FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1884:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing patterns.—  
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).

FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 1.  
—This illustrates a Ladies' costume. The pattern, which is No. 9165 and costs 35 cents, is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.

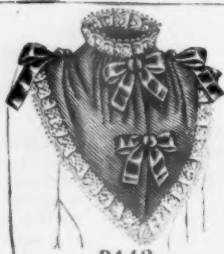
The material used for the costume as here pictured is mauve nun's-veiling—a color and texture delightfully cool and pretty for Summer wear—and its delicacy is made very striking by the artistic introduction of black velvet ribbon in the garnitures. The round skirt has a knife-plaiting for foot trimming, and up each side, extending from the center of the side-gore nearly to the same distance from the center of the front-gore, is a plain panel that falls over the top of the plaiting. Falling over the tops of the panels are the basque fronts of the overdress, which shape four deep, oval tabs at their lower edges and are closely fitted to the figure by double bust darts. The under-arm gores extend in wider panels to the same depth on the skirt, and their front edges overlap the back edges of the skirt panels, thus forming handsome double panels on the sides. Extending backward from the front edges of these panels are short, pointed straps



FIGURE NO. 1.—LADIES' COSTUME.

of velvet ribbon, which are applied with a uniformity and neatness that heighten their contrast with the fabric and the elegance of the costume. The back-drapery is double, and is consequently very bouffant. The under drapery is provided by the center-backs, and its amplexness is supplied by under-folded plaits at the center and the side edges. Two deep, downward-turning plaits in each side edge drape it handsomely. The upper drapery falls in a bouffant point quite low upon the under drapery, and is arranged in butterfly fashion at the top by plaits caught up at the center and tacked over the center seam of the back. Draping plaits, made in the lower part of the left side and tacked to the skirt near the top, together with carefully made tackings here and there, give a pretty pointed effect to the upper drapery, which contrasts handsomely with the square effect of the under and deeper drapery. An officer's collar imparts a close finish to the neck, and the close sleeves are prettily trimmed.

The bonnet is of fine straw, prettily trimmed with



9143

*Front View.***LADIES' SHOUL-**

No. 9143.—This cape is illustrated with lace and ribbon bows for dyes from 28 to 46 inches, bust for a lady of medium size, will require, or  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 or 54 inches



9160

**LADIES' COAT.**

No. 9160.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the coat for a lady of medium size, will require 5 yards of material and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of the one and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of the other 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9143

*Back View.***DER-CAPE.**

trated as made of blue cashmere, trimming. It is in 10 sizes for measure. To make the garment require  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of material 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



9169

**LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 9169.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of brocaded goods and  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of plain 22 inches wide, or  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of the one and 3 yards of the other 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



9187

**LADIES' COLLAR.**

No. 9187.—Surah silk of a creamy shade was chosen for the present development of this becoming collar, and the decorations unite hand-embroidery and lace. The pattern is in one size, and, for a collar like it, will require  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of material either 22 or 36 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



9188

**LADIES' COSTUME.**

No. 9188.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs  $10\frac{1}{4}$  yards of plain goods and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of brocaded 22 inches wide, or 5 yards of the one and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard of the other 48 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.





9145

## MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 9145.—Gray camel's-hair was employed for the present development of this pattern, which is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. Without the kilted trimming, it needs for a miss of 13 years  $9\frac{1}{4}$  yards 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



9156

Front View.



9156

Back View.

## GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 9156.—This pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it needs 6 yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 48 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of contrasting goods 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



9177

## MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 9177.—Cashmere is used for this costume. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 13 years, it needs  $9\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9154

## LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 9154.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is here developed in brocaded goods. To make the basque for a lady of medium size, will require  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

## LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 9155.—This pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of fancy material and  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of plain goods 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of the one and  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of the other 48 inches wide. Price, 30 cents.



9155

Side-Back View.



9155

Side-Front View.



**FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S DRESS, WITH GUIMPE.**

FIGURE NO. 2.—This consists of Child's dress No. 9176, and guimpe No. 8377. The dress pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years old, and costs 15 cents. The guimpe pattern is in 9 sizes for children from 2 to 10 years of age, and costs 10 cents. To make the costume for a child of 6 years, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide: the dress requiring  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards; and the guimpe,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard. If 36-inch-wide goods be selected, then  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards will be found sufficient.



**9147**

*Front View.*

**CHILD'S COSTUME.**

No. 9147.—Dark brown suiting, decorated with narrow soutache braid, is illustrated in this picturesque little costume. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 6

years, will require  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide, each with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of Silesia 36 inches wide for the waist. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



**9147**

*Back View.*



**9146**

*Front View.*

**CHILD'S DRESS.**

No. 9146.—Fine white lawn is the material used for the construction of this dress, and embroidery in two widths trims it. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age, and may be chosen for any variety of



**9146**

*Back View.*

washable goods. For a child of 6 years, it needs  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



**FIGURE NO. 3.—CHILD'S BLOUSE COSTUME.**

FIGURE NO. 3.—This consists of Child's costume No. 9157. It is made of white lawn in this instance, with lace in two widths for trimming. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 22 inches wide, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 inches wide, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard 48 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of lining 36 inches wide for the waist. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

The Publishers of the **HOME MAGAZINE** will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

## CONTENTS FOR JUNE.

FRONTISPIECE: Water-carrier and Women of Merida.	
YUCATAN (Illustrated),	H. 325
AS WE JOURNEYED,	Edna 329
CHESTNUT SIMILES (Illustrated),	G. W. 332
MUSIC AND MUSICIANS,	Margaret B. Harvey 333
A BLOSSOM SONG,	Lucy M. Blinn 335
LIVING LIGHT (Illustrated),	336
HAPPINESS,	Emilie Egan 338
LETHIA'S GARDEN (Illustrated),	H. S. Atwater 340
OUT OF PITY,	Cassell's Family Magazine 344
ONE WOMAN'S LIFETIME. Chapter i,	Isadore Rogers 347
MRS. BARKER'S WOOD,	Sydney Dayre 351
ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTERS,	Grace Adele Pierce 353
TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY—WHICH?	Mary F. Lathrop 354
HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY,	Ella Rodman Church 356
RELIGIOUS READING:	
Teaching our Children to Love the Lord,	Rev. Chauncey Giles 358
Heart Hunger,	S. J. Jones 359
THE HOME CIRCLE:	
Is it True?	Earnest 359
The Pleasantest Room,	L. M. B. 360
Household Secrets,	Pipsey Potts 361
"The Shut-in Society,"	Annie S. Bartlett 363
Words of Encouragement,	Sister Emily 364
"Fond Recollection,"	F. E. S. 364
The Real Folks of Fiction,	Alura Collins 364
The Little Mission Band,	Olive 365
BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY:	
A Story for Ruthie,	Isadore Rogers 365
HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT:	
Crust and Filling,	Allie E. Whitaker 367
How to Cleanse Waste-pipes,	368
A Labor Saver,	Olive 368
A Bottle of Glue,	M. Dey Erle 369
THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE:	
Inebriety from the Standpoint of To-day,	Quarterly Journal of Inebriety 369
Danger from Marriage with Inebriates,	" " 370
HEALTH DEPARTMENT:	
The Clothing of the Sexes,	London Truth 370
Sunlight a Necessity,	370
Household Ventilation,	Health Lectures 371
Overwork and Heart-disease,	Popular Science News 371
Effect of Light Eating upon Colds,	Popular Science Monthly 371
EVENINGS WITH THE POETS:	
Spring,	Mrs. Celia Thaxter 372
The Baby's Prayer,	Alice M. Eddy 372
He Leadeth Me,	372
Unbelief,	372
ART AT HOME,	373
FANCY NEEDLEWORK (Illustrated),	374
FASHION DEPARTMENT:	
Fashion Notes,	376
NOTES AND COMMENTS,	377
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT,	379

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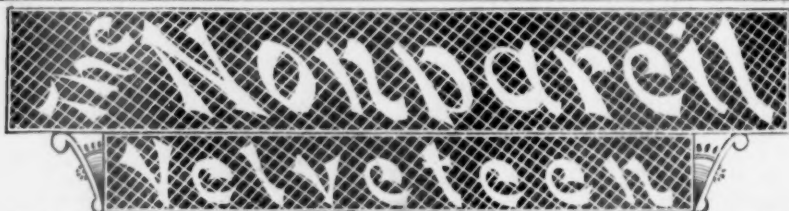
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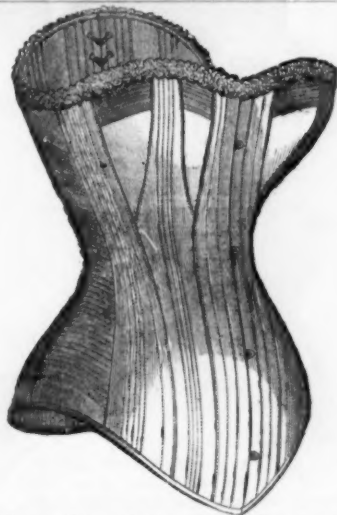
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WATER-CARRIER AND WOMEN OF MERIDA.—Page 328.

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# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

JUNE, 1884.

No. 6.



PUBLIC SQUARE AND MUNICIPAL PALACE, MERIDA.

## YUCATAN.

**Y**UCATAN is that large peninsula lying southeast of Mexico and extending northward into the Gulf of Mexico. To particularize, it is bounded by the Channel of Yucatan on the northeast, the Caribbean Sea on the east, and the Bay of Campeche on the west. This peninsula is said to be one of the only two great peninsulas in the world pointing north—the other being that of Jutland, in Denmark.

In general, the country may be described as flat and sandy, with but little water. The soil is sterile, the only production of importance being *henequen*, a species of aloes, the fibres of which are used in the manufacture of ropes, bags, and the like. In some localities tropical plants flourish, but the flowers and fruits of the Torrid Zone, so esteemed by reason of their beauty and deliciousness, are here chiefly the result of cultivation. This *henequen*, however, has become a very important article of commerce, materially adding to the wealth and population of the country, foreigners as well as natives having been quick to

see its value. Large plantations for the cultivation of *henequen*, covering many square miles, extend along the northern shores of the peninsula, and the village of Progreso, on the Gulf of Mexico, is rapidly taking rank as a thriving commercial city.

From Progreso, a railroad extends to Merida, the capital, a few miles inland. This is a very beautiful city, one of the oldest on the Western Continent, having been founded by Francisco de Montejo, a companion of Cortez, in 1542. Montejo's house is still standing, almost intact. It is the oldest building in Merida, and was erected in 1549. The front of this structure may be described as a specimen of the Renaissance style, in Spanish composition. The door is flanked by columns, supporting life-size figures of soldiers; on each side of the window, above the door, is an armed warrior, trampling under foot two Indian heads, thus signifying the submission of the native races; the remainder of the ornamental façade is occupied by shields and carving.

Perhaps the most remarkable monument of antiquity in Merida is the grand Cathedral, founded



WATER-CARRIER AND WOMEN OF MERIDA.—Page 328.

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PUBLIC SQUARE AND MUNICIPAL PALACE, MERIDA.

## YUCATAN.

**Y**UCATAN is that large peninsula lying south-east of Mexico and extending northward into the Gulf of Mexico. To particularize, it is bounded by the Channel of Yucatan on the northeast, the Caribbean Sea on the east, and the Bay of Campeche on the west. This peninsula is said to be one of the only two great peninsulas in the world pointing north—the other being that of Jutland, in Denmark.

In general, the country may be described as flat and sandy, with but little water. The soil is sterile, the only production of importance being *henequen*, a species of aloes, the fibres of which are used in the manufacture of ropes, bags, and the like. In some localities tropical plants flourish, but the flowers and fruits of the Torrid Zone, so esteemed by reason of their beauty and deliciousness, are here chiefly the result of cultivation. This *henequen*, however, has become a very important article of commerce, materially adding to the wealth and population of the country, for foreigners as well as natives having been quick to

see its value. Large plantations for the cultivation of *henequen*, covering many square miles, extend along the northern shores of the peninsula, and the village of Progreso, on the Gulf of Mexico, is rapidly taking rank as a thriving commercial city.

From Progreso, a railroad extends to Merida, the capital, a few miles inland. This is a very beautiful city, one of the oldest on the Western Continent, having been founded by Francisco de Montejo, a companion of Cortez, in 1542. Montejo's house is still standing, almost intact. It is the oldest building in Merida, and was erected in 1549. The front of this structure may be described as a specimen of the Renaissance style, of Spanish composition. The door is flanked by columns, supporting life-size figures of Spanish soldiers; on each side of the window, above the door, is an armed warrior, trampling under foot two Indian heads, thus signifying the submission of the native races; the remainder of the ornamental façade is occupied by shields and carving.

Perhaps the most remarkable monument of antiquity in Merida is the grand Cathedral, founded

(325)

in 1598. Although this magnificent structure was erected at the close of the sixteenth century, when the resources of the Spanish colony were small and the inhabitants few, it cost nearly half a million dollars, a fact which argues well for the religious zeal of the early colonists. The façade, nearly one hundred and sixty feet in length, is composed of a central pavilion, from which opens the principal door, ornamented by a Corinthian portico, above which, at a height of about thirty yards, a grand vaulted arch sustains an elegant gallery; this pavilion is flanked by two towers, whose gradually retreating stories, edged with balustrades, form an effective contrast to the severity of the front. The Cathedral is about two hundred and fifty feet in depth, making a vast

and, in general, solid blocks of buildings. The private residences are commodious and airy, with flat roofs, open galleries, and large windows, the houses often having well-cultivated gardens attached.

The grand "Place," or public park, occupies the centre of the city. A recent traveler describes it as "a modern square, having a fountain without water, parterres of flowers dying of thirst, and young plantations, which will give shade to the generations to come."

This seems severe, especially when one remembers the dry soil, hot climate, and other natural drawbacks to Merida's perfections. But the same writer is forced to admit that Merida is a beautiful and flourishing city, despite its origin and loca-



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF MERIDA.

interior; this latter is composed of three grand naves, with swelling vaults, sustained by twelve enormous columns in the middle and by twenty others, of the same dimensions, against the walls. Little chapels extend in every direction along the sides, all bearing the same aspect of solidity characterizing the early works of the conquerors.

The Cathedral faces the public square, as does, also, the ancient residence of Montejo, described above; and not many yards distant from either is the Municipal Palace, or City Hall, of Merida. This is a spacious edifice, with two galleries, of the style generally seen in all early Spanish cities. Merida may be described as well laid out, like a chess-board, with streets running at right angles,

tion. It has a population of nearly thirty thousand, many of whom are wealthy, or, at least, in comfortable circumstances. The people seem well able to take care of themselves—there are no hotels nor restaurants, it is next to impossible to buy or rent a house, and prices are high for everything.

Merida was founded upon the site of a still older city, Ti-hoo, or T-hoo, perhaps built by the Aztecs or a kindred race. The whole peninsula of Yucatan is dotted with pre-historic cities, or detached groups of ruins, some of which are of remarkable solidity and splendor. The aboriginal inhabitants of Mexico and Central America were skilled architects and masons, and it is believed



that the conquerors pressed the conquered into their service, so that not only the more ancient, but also the modern cities of this region were actually founded by the so-called Indian races. Merida was, without doubt, constructed from the materials of the demolished Ti-hoo, and by the hands of "Indians," working as slaves under the Spaniards.

In regard to these old cities, the prevailing opinion is that they represent an infinitely remote civilization, and argue the existence of an Aztec nation before the dawn of light in Western Europe. This may be true. But M. Charnay, a recent French traveler in Yucatan, inclines to a different belief. He thinks the monuments of Eastern Mexico erected only a few years prior to the date of the first Spanish conquest, and that they were not the work of the Aztecs, but of the Toltecs, the same race as the Mound-builders of the United States, whom, contrary to what is generally accepted upon the subject, he believes to have been the superior people. Probably the exact truth can never be known. The early inhabitants of the country had in their possession certain documents which might have given us the real history of their beautiful monuments of antiquity—manuscripts written upon skins and a sort of paper made from the leaves of the agave. But following the example of the Bishop Zumarraga, of Mexico, who burned all the Aztec writings, Landa, Bishop of Merida, shortly after the foundation of the latter city, committed to the flames all the writings he could collect throughout Yucatan. Both Bishops feared that these heathen manuscripts, forsooth! might contain something inspired by the Evil One! But Landa, in his ignorant bigotry, went one step further than Zumarraga; for, after he had destroyed all available data, he proceeded to write a history of Yucatan!

But, in spite of Landa's care, we only know the history of Yucatan from the time of the Spanish conquest of Mexico. It is true that Columbus mentions a country and a people supposed by some to be the peninsula in question, with its inhabitants, but later historians have concluded that the great discoverer must have referred to one of the neighboring islands or to the more fertile mainland further south, with their respective natives. Several ingenious theories have been advanced to account for the origin of the name Yucatan, but the most probable one is that it is a corruption of the primitive designation. But Yucatan differs from other States of Mexico in these particulars: First, it was never actually conquered by the Spaniards; when held by the government of Mexico it was only nominally so, and the attempted subjugation of this one small province cost more time, money, trouble, and bloodshed than all the rest of Mexico and Central America together. Second, it has always been the home of

a proud, warlike, independent race, who still preserve their nationality and individuality despite war, time, and a changed civilization. This covers all of the authentic history of Yucatan up to the present day.

The people inhabiting Yucatan now are of several types and races: First, the descendants of the Aztecs, Toltecs, or the related superior family, of antiquity. Second, the various Indians, or types corresponding nearly to the red men of the United States—it was the ancestors of these whom the Spaniards enslaved. Third, half-breeds, or a mixed



HOUSE OF MONTEJO.

race. Fourth, descendants of the early Spaniards. Of course, to these may be added the ubiquitous Englishman and Yankee, or, to state the case more clearly, wherever trade is good there will be found a large proportion of British and American residents. The people of Yucatan generally are handsome, finely developed, intelligent, and well-behaved—which cannot be said of all tropical or other communities.

All of these different types of humanity may be seen in Merida on a market day. Then, particularly, are the principal streets filled with a wonderful animation, quite unlike our preconceived

notions of a tropical city. The people are gay, yet dignified, and, strange to say, modest, though we, who do not inhabit a torrid climate, can scarcely reconcile the idea with the sight of half-draped men and women and quite naked children. But we recall the story of the Spanish soldier, who was kept in captivity by the natives of Yucatan eight years, and who never thereafter was able to support the weight of clothes—we remember and believe. But what strikes us more than anything else is the exceeding cleanliness of the majority. Near us is a group of fruit-sellers. They are women, old and young, probably of Indian origin; certainly, they are not educated nor even entirely civilized, but their white muslin turbans, veils, or

as a badge of a lowly social condition. Young women and old alike wear garments of pure white muslin trimmed with heavy embroideries, white or colored, the work of their own fingers. The conventional costume would be incomplete without heavy gold ear-rings and neck-chain, with cross or locket. The half-breeds do not generally live in the city, but in small, picturesque cottages in the suburbs.

Merida is the principal town, emphatically—so much so that the others scarce deserve mention, although, as implied above, Progreso, at no distant day, will be of great importance. Valladolid is, like Merida, an old Spanish settlement. Uxmal is of interest chiefly on account of its magnificent



CATHEDRAL OF MERIDA.

aprons are like driven snow. Even the little water-carrier, destitute of stockings and with perhaps but two garments besides his big straw hat, wears a cotton shirt which might have been bleached in a modern laundry. Men of the lowest classes, whose clothing is of the scantiest description, have that little clean.

One of the most pleasing sights in or about Merida is a group of half-breed or, literally, "mixed" women. These generally hold themselves apart from the throng, feeling that they are of a lower caste than others, yet submitting cheerfully to the degradation. (See frontispiece.) But they are generally intelligent, well formed, and refined in habits and manners. Their dress is beautiful and unique, although usually regarded

as ruins. Sisal was the seaport of Yucatan before the extension of the henequen plantations rendered a new commercial city necessary and transformed Progreso from a straggling village to a prospective centre of trade. The country residences, especially those among the plantations, are light, airy structures of wood, generally embowered in palm groves and fenced in by hedges of aloes, or, as we more familiarly say, century plants.

Such, in brief, is Yucatan, as known to modern travelers. So pleasing, so attractive is the study, that we are forced more and more to regret that we know so little of ancient Yucatan. Several recent investigators have declared themselves just on the point of giving us the information that we

seek—but until they do we must content ourselves with scraps. For instance, the following. Some of the carved figures on the walls of the ruined palaces have long, narrow, unnatural-looking heads; especially is this the case if these figures represent superior beings, as divinities, kings, and priests. Perhaps the key to this mystery may be found by referring to the still-existing practice of deforming the head prevalent among the Flat Head Indians and other savage tribes. Landa says—and perhaps he knows—that the aborigines of Yucatan compressed the heads of certain of their infants into this long, unnatural shape as a



FRUIT-SELLERS.

sign of superiority; so kings, priests, and the higher orders generally would necessarily be pictured with elongated and narrowed heads. How strange that in all ages and countries, both barbarous and civilized, men have thought it necessary to tamper with the "human form divine" for fashion's sake—which is only another and unexpected illustration of the old proverb that "human nature is the same."

Before closing, it may be of interest to add that Professor Agassiz and M. Charnay, while traveling in Yucatan, saw what is believed to be the largest flower in the world. But few have described it, and these few, in doing so, use nearly

the same terms. It is a species of liana, a tropical climbing plant; the corolla is truly monstrous, shaped somewhat like that of a trumpet flower; it is nearly forty-five inches long and twenty-five in circumference; from the corolla extends a pistil sixteen inches long, making the whole blossom more than sixty inches in length. On the outside the flower is whitish; on the inside it resembles an Indian fabric printed with purple veinings upon a white ground. The centre of the calyx is like red velvet. But no one can pluck this phenomenal flower; the odor is overpowering—so fetid that it is impossible to approach the opened bloom. The Spanish name for it is *flor de palo*. Although the plant grows in Yucatan it is believed to be not native to that country, but imported from the Greater Antilles or larger islands of the West Indies.

H.

## AS WE JOURNEYED.

**T**AKING a long journey lately, over a tedious railway route, the many little incidents of travel which occurred made an impression on my mind which I am fain to put into words.

The first day's ride promised, at the beginning, to be rather tiresome, with a companion not very talkative, and the motion of the car rendering reading with any comfort impossible. But soon I grew so interested in the fellow-travelers who made the little world around us for the time being, that there was no lack of entertainment when conversation flagged. All that I had read of studying character under such auspices recurred to my memory, as I noted the different faces and actions of those who, though perfect strangers, made much of their natures known to me during these few hours.

The person who first attracted my attention by his manner was a pompous-looking man of middle age, who came on when we did, and sat facing us a few seats distant. He entered with a good deal of bustle, took a whole seat for himself and another for his belongings, spent some time in arranging things for comfort, and then settled himself, with a great coat behind him and his feet in the opposite seat, and became buried in his newspapers, never seeming to notice anything around him, except to give a gruff "no" occasionally to the apple and orange vender or the boy with cigars and peanuts.

Near us sat two bright-faced girls and their father, whose merry talk, which came distinctly to my ears at times, was entertaining and amusing. Directly opposite was a sweet-faced old lady, with a lovely little golden-haired girl beside her, who I found, very soon, was her grandchild. At first the wee woman played with her doll, but soon grew tired of it and would occasionally ask,

"Grandma, aren't we going to see mamma?" "Yes, darling." "Then why don't we get there?" would follow in plaintive query. After awhile she sighed, "It's such a long time!" Seeing she was growing restless, I coaxed her over, after some persuasion, to sit with me awhile, telling her little stories and watching the sweet face brighten or grow serious in response to the feelings they awakened, until at length her head slowly sunk back against my arm and she fell asleep. Then her grandmother, with a look of relief, came and claimed her, expressing grateful thanks and adding that she had so little faculty for amusing or managing children, it had made her fear having a good deal of trouble with the tired little traveler.

Across the car from the pompous-looking man sat another, about the same age, apparently, but the very opposite in nature, I should judge. His face was not prepossessing at a first glance, but frank and good-humored. I noticed him soon after the train started talking to the passenger just in front of him, and before long with one just behind, both of whom I could see were strangers. On finishing his paper he offered it to one of them and turned his attention to watching the people in the car, as I was doing secretly, under cover of my veil. At first I was inclined to think him rather officious and presuming, but found later it was genuine kind-heartedness and interest in the comfort of others that prompted the most of his actions. Seeing a child go to sleep with its head rocking about uncomfortably from the motion of the car, he went forward and put his own overcoat behind it, with a few pleasant, apologetic words to the mother.

Directly behind me sat a plain, genteel-looking woman, with her husband and baby, and across the car their two daughters, girls of twelve and sixteen, probably. I turned around a time or two during the morning, attracted by the motions or laughter of the baby, and in the lines and expression of the thin, quiet, but cheerful mother's face, shaded by a neat sunbonnet, I read the patient bearing of care and of carrying more than her share of the daily burdens which I could judge was her lot from more than one little thing seen during the day.

Her husband sat beside her, fat and good-natured, chatting pleasantly now and then, getting up and going to the door often when the train stopped, to look about and enjoy the fresh air, as a rest from the monotony of the long ride; but her tired arms held the baby all day long, except when he would stand at the window a little while. She had no need of rest, and I do not suppose would have presumed to ask her helpmate to divide the task with her. Nor did either of the daughters so close by offer to amuse him for one half hour. They were intent on enjoying what they could see from the window and talking with a young fellow

in the next seat, who had picked up a traveling acquaintance with them. The little one did very well all the morning—playing, looking out the window, and taking a long nap, but in the afternoon grew restless and fretted a good deal by times. On one of those occasions, while the father was out, I turned around and handed him a little cake left from my lunch, making some comment to the mother about such journeys being tiresome to children, when she told me how she dreaded the long trip back to Tennessee, from whence they had come only the week before.

Urged by letters from friends describing with glowing praise this country further southwest, whose rich soil produced so freely, they had come out to settle.

But arriving in a low district just at the sickly season, and among careless, easy-going farmers, who had not provided themselves with good water, they found nearly every one ill, and becoming disheartened and alarmed for themselves, turned right around to go back to the old home.

I felt sorry enough for the poor woman who had all this weary travel to endure, the breaking up and loss thereby, and returning to begin over again and with less of comfort, perhaps, and redoubled care. But such is the difference in our varied lots.

I was going for rest and change, where all would be bright around me and all care lifted from my mind for awhile. Those pretty girls over there with their father were going—I had gathered from their talk—to enjoy for the first time the delight of a winter in the great city, with opera and theatre to attend, shopping, visiting, and going to parties, and the anticipation of it all had nearly turned their heads.

About two o'clock we reached a broad creek spanned by a large wooden bridge, which was supported by stone pillars built in the bed of the stream. Here the train stopped, and the news quickly flew around that one of the braces of the bridge had given away, from the effect of a heavy rainfall, which brought a sudden rise in the creek the night previous, and the officials had gone forward to see if it was safe to cross. At this nearly every one took alarm, and, although a few advised remaining where we were until notified whether there was danger or not, the majority were for getting out and walking, and, as the car was fast clearing, my companions and I were persuaded to join the crowd. Here was another opportunity for noting character. A greater portion of the passengers were commercial travelers, without ladies under their care. These jumped out immediately, eager to see, glad of a walk, and thinking of no one else but themselves, I suppose. The selfish man near us, after trying without success to hire the train-boy to stay and watch his small baggage, took a valise in each hand and



sallied forth, grumbling. The youngest of the two merry girls almost cried with fear when her father proposed waiting until the conductor returned, and begged him to go instantly, for fear the train might start on without notification, while her sister, calm and collected, sat quietly by until it was decided that all should leave. The "officious" man took up the little blue-eyed girl near me with one arm and offered the other to the old lady, to take them safely out. As we two girls were traveling under the conductor's care, and he was busy elsewhere, we took care of ourselves, but when we reached the platform, there at the foot of the steps stood our good-hearted traveler, having transferred the child to some one else, and now ready to help all the ladies down to a broken, sidling piece of ground, which made a dangerous place to step upon without assistance.

A brisk walk of a few minutes took us across the bridge, when we scattered around quite in picnic fashion, some sitting on huge rocks, while others strolled along the bank of the stream, and in ten minutes more all had the comfort of seeing the train move slowly and safely over.

The conductor laughed at us for our useless pains, when we resumed our seats, for we had met him coming to tell us there was no danger, just as we were well started on our walk; but we could afford to be laughed at now, and join in it, as we were on the safe side and had enjoyed the exercise and fresh air.

At the next little town through which we passed a group came on board which might well have awakened pity and sympathy in any heart. A sick woman was half carried into the car by a pale, miserable-looking man, thin to emaciation, who could hardly keep his feet under such a burden. A big boy followed with a bundle of quilts and a pillow. There were not many whole seats vacant by this time, and, as it was important to reach one as soon as possible, the man looked anxiously around. Our selfish neighbor looked on with cool indifference, keeping his feet on the seat opposite, when our "officious" man jumped up from his, whispered to the man in front of him, who did the same, turned one over to make them face each other, and, motioning the sick couple into the whole compartment, went off to hunt other quarters for himself. The woman was soon settled on a bed made of the quilts, and then her husband sunk back into a corner of the other seat, with a look of relief, while their two little boys climbed up beside him and sat with wide-open eyes gazing in wonder at the scene around them.

The first time the train stopped their kind-hearted friend stepped over from his new place and drew from the new-comers that they had both been ill a long time with chills and fevers, and it seemed as if the wife never would get well; so

they were going on a trip back to their old home in Georgia, to see if that would not benefit her. She was so pleased with the idea of going—the man said—that he "reckoned she would feel right *pear*t by the time they got there. Travelin' would likely help her up." The two children were having some contention and fretting over a prize box of candy the father had bought from the train boy—the eldest claiming the larger share. Seeing this, the good-natured traveler went off into the forward car, coming back the next minute with another box which he gave the least boy—making him happy for the rest of the afternoon—then returned to his seat. I began to look upon this man as a public benefactor, who ought to travel all the time for the good of those whom he was so ready to help on seeing any need.

Just as the sun went down we reached the place where I was to stop for a day or two with friends before continuing my journey. As I gathered up lunch-basket and shawl to go the woman sitting behind me, still holding her child, looked up and said, with an earnest tone of voice—"Good-bye! I'm real glad you don't have to ride all night like we do, and I hope you'll have a nice winter." I thanked her heartily, appreciating this kindly interest from a stranger as much as if it had been expressed by an old friend, for it showed a warm, unselfish nature, ready to think of others.

So I left the little group of people with whom I had been journeying all day, and whom I will probably never see again; yet my thoughts often go back to some among them in whom I became really interested, and I cannot help wondering if the tired, disappointed mother found comfort in her old home again, and whether the sick woman reached her journey's end safely and regained her health; and if the dear little girl found "mamma" that night.

And the kind, helpful traveler—has he a happy home, with wife and children, to spend the love of that big, warm heart upon? I hope so.

I shall not tell of my further travels now; it might not be as interesting to the reader as to myself. I saw the same phases of human nature repeated in many instances, through two or three days—only that I found no real counterpart of my "officious man," and learned some things which I hope will be of use and benefit to me ever in the future.

EDNA.

WE must have a weak spot or two in a character, says O. W. Holmes, before we can love it much. People that do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographies. But we do not care most for those flat-pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.



## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

IT seems a strange fact that while so many writers are willing to instruct the young as to a choice of authors in the literature of prose and poetry, so few venture to teach them anything concerning the literature of music. But he or she who would become even an ordinary musician should know at least something about the great masters of this noblest of arts. All acknowledge that to form a true taste for reading and painting we should study the best books and pictures at our command; why, then, should not our growing musicians early begin to appreciate the sublime efforts of the princes of harmony? The names of Handel and Beethoven ought to be household words as much as Shakespeare and Milton or Raphael and Michael Angelo.

Our young friends need not be frightened at these imperishable names. A mountain may lift its summit to the clouds; may be clothed in everlasting forests; may display terrific cataracts dashing down its side—but somewhere, within its almost impenetrable fastnesses, will be found green dells dotted with tender wild-flowers. The real sublimity of music and musical composers may be far beyond you, but not their simple loveliness. Every great musician has left something especially for you, no matter how immature may be your present musical knowledge.

Among the earliest of the great German composers who are generally called classical were Bach and Handel. The former lived from 1685 to 1750, the latter from 1685 to 1759. They may almost be called the fathers of modern music. Bach came of a family of musicians, some of whom were nearly as celebrated as the great Johann Sebastian himself. It was a peculiarity, of Bach's compositions that every part—treble alto, tenor, and base—in a harmonized piece constituted a distinct air. This composer is best known, perhaps, by his "Passion Music." Amateurs may learn something of his style through the beautiful *Venetian Boatmen's Evening Song*. Handel was a voluminous writer. His best-known works are the oratorios of *Saul*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Messiah*, and *Judas Maccabeus*. Many of our boys and girls could play the "Dead March" from *Saul* or sing "He Shall Feed His Flock" from *Messiah*. I will add that the familiar hymn-tune, *Christmas*, is by Handel.

Handel and another Bach, Johann Christian, early in their career took up their residence in England, and their influence developed a musical taste in that country to a remarkable degree. Handel especially became the fashion—so much so that all the young Court gallants considered it quite "the thing" to play and compose. Prince George, afterward George III, believed himself a musical prodigy, and continually wearied poor

Handel, whom he compelled to give ear to his noisy effusions. Upon one occasion the long-suffering master listened in silence to the Prince's most ambitious effort, performed upon the violin. At its conclusion George asked Handel the question, "How did I play that?" "Like von prince," was the great composer's non-committal answer. But the Prince mistook it for a compliment, and rashly added, "I am going to arrange it for the whole orchestra." This was too much. Handel sprang to his feet, put his fingers in his ears, and rushed from the room, exclaiming, "Vorser and vorser, upon mine honor!"

When Handel was about fifty years old he became blind.

One of the next great musicians in order of time was Haydn, who lived from 1732 to 1809, being born the same year as Washington. His great works are grand symphonies and the oratorio of the *Creation*. Amateurs know him best by Haydn's *Hymn* and Haydn's *Serenade*.

Next comes Mozart (1756-1791), who, though standing upon a high pinnacle of human greatness, was one of the saddest of mortals, being, it is said, continually sick and poor. The man who moved the heart of the world with his sublime *Twelfth Mass* could scarce pay for the bread he ate. The beautiful little *Oxen Waltz* was written to pay a butcher's bill. He died, in debt and prematurely old, when only thirty-five years of age. Mozart's principal works are *The Marriage of Figaro*, *The Magic Flute*, *Don Giovanni*, and masses. You, my aspiring young friend, may try Mozart's *Hymn*, the "Minuet" from *Don Giovanni*, and some extracts from the *Twelfth Mass*.

Beethoven has been called the Shakespeare of music, though some have ventured to accord to Mendelssohn equal honor. But comparison among great musicians is difficult, not to say impossible. Beethoven lived from 1770 to 1827, and was the author of a countless number of symphonies and sonatas. He is not and never can be popular, for comparatively few are able to appreciate his rich, wonderful harmonies. Among his minor compositions are the *Spirit* and *Ländler Waltzes*, *The Desire* (Longing), and *For Elise*. These may give an inkling of Beethoven's inimitable style.

Weber (1786-1826) and Meyerbeer (1794-1864) are known as the authors of several exceedingly beautiful operas. The former composed *Der Freischütz* and *Oberon*; the latter, *The Huguenots*. From *Der Freischütz* we have the sweet "Prayer," sometimes used as a hymn under the name *Fading Light*, sung to the words, "Softly now the light of day." From *Oberon* comes the more familiar *Weber* or *Seymour*, set to the hymn, "Depth of Mercy." From *The Huguenots* I have seen a beautiful transcription called "The Vale of Rest," which has also been arranged as a chorus

under the title, "Thy Flowery Banks, O Flowing River!"

Mendelssohn (1809-1847) seems of all mortal men the one to be admired and envied. He was good, he was great, he was rich, he was happy. Other great composers have been poor, blind, distressed, even morally frail—but Mendelssohn's life was nothing but prosperity, and it did not spoil him, nothing seeming to mar his childlike simplicity and sweet Christian character. His was a rare, pure, unique soul, like Fra Angelico's, whose highest and, indeed, whose only expression was art, combined with beauty, loveliness, holiness. Mendelssohn devoted himself from early childhood to music, though this did not prevent his obtaining a University education, so that he was well informed concerning the other arts and sciences of his day. The name of his compositions is legion, the most famous, perhaps, being *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Elijah*, and *Songs Without Words*. You will probably know him first by the *Wedding March* and *Consolation*.

Mendelssohn came of a wonderfully gifted family, who have long excited public interest. All of his sisters were fine musicians, one of whom, Fanny, would probably have become quite as famous as her brother Felix but for the influence of German custom, which forbade a woman to make her gifts public. His grandfather was Moses Mendelssohn, the celebrated Jewish philosopher. The father of Felix used laughingly to say that he had missed his chances or that Fate had forgotten him. When he was young people were accustomed to point to him with the remark, "There goes the son of the famous Mendelssohn;" but now he was old, people would still point to him, but with the modified remark, "There goes the father of the famous Mendelssohn."

Upon what slight hinges does destiny turn! There is a pretty love story told concerning the composer's grandfather. Moses Mendelssohn was a hunchback; he courted a beautiful young lady, who, however, could not be prevailed upon to overlook his deformity. When she had finally (?) rejected him, and as he was leaving her door after bidding her a last farewell, she called after him, half coquettishly, "Why did you have such a hump?"

"Ah!" he replied, turning back, "it was my own fault. When I was born my future wife was named, but it was decreed that she should have a hump. I prayed, 'Dear Lord, the hump will make her unhappy; for a woman should be beautiful. Give her beauty, and let me have the hump.' My prayer was granted; so now I have the deformity and my future wife is beautiful."

Touched with the tale, the lady threw her arms around his neck, and never regretted her choice. Had not some good spirit prompted the lover to pour forth such a melting story, the world would

never have had the lovely life and grand work of Felix Mendelssohn.

The foregoing composers were all German. Italy has produced a few great musicians, the chief of whom was Rossini, who lived from 1792 to 1868. He was a wonderful genius, and his works are very numerous. A young friend of mine used to say, "Just as sure as you hear anything perfectly lovely, soaring clear up to heaven, just as sure as you particularly admire a piece, you'll find it's by Rossini." And she wasn't far wrong, especially about the "soaring clear up to heaven." He wrote *William Tell*, the *Stabat Mater*, and *Faith, Hope, and Charity*. From the first you may learn several entrancing airs, among them the beautiful "Echo Song." In the second is the famous "Cujus Animam," often sung to the English words:

"Through His bleeding side retreating,  
See the Holy Spirit fleeing,  
Winged for mercy, to the skies."

The "three graces" are sometimes used as grand choruses, the last, perhaps, being the finest.

Some critics have objected to Rossini's style as being too flowery. But it is said that earlier in his career his work was much more simple. On one occasion he went privately to the opera house and sat quietly among the audience to hear one of his own pieces performed. The tenor sang a solo, but so embellished with trills and grace notes that the composer scarcely recognized it as his own. To his surprise, the audience loudly applauded. "Well," he inwardly exclaimed, "they shall not applaud the singer and not Rossini! I will put in the ornaments myself!" And henceforth he did.

What would some of our young people think if they knew that of all the gifted musicians mentioned above not one had the advantage of owning, or even hearing, a piano, such as we have to-day? It is said that Handel composed many pieces which he himself never heard, depending entirely upon his memory to aid him in determining their actual sound. We laugh at the queer old pianos of our grandmothers' days, scarce bigger than their cedar chests, and not so loud as our middle-aged aunts' rickety melodeons. But the greatest composers had nothing better. Rossini heard, for the first time, a modern American piano when he was past seventy. Amid his tears of surprise and delight, he exclaimed, "It is like a nightingale singing in a thunder-storm!"

Of some of the later composers, their fame chiefly rests upon one great work. Among these are Flotow, who wrote *Martha*; Gounod, *Faust*, and Balfe, *Bohemian Girl*. The second of these was French; the last, Irish. From all of these operas are published potpourris of familiar airs—*as*, "The Last Rose of Summer," from *Martha*; the "March," from *Faust*, and "Then You'll Remember Me," from *Bohemian Girl*.



Two other great Italian composers are Bellini and Verdi. The former lived early in the present century, the latter, in our own day. Bellini is chiefly known as the author of *La Sonnambula*, *I Puritani*, and *Norma*. From the last is taken the famous "Casta Diva," and the more popular "March," which almost every musical beginner learns, perhaps without a thought of its derivation. Verdi is the author of the immortal, inimitable *Il Trovatore*, from which we may select the renowned, spirited "Anvil Chorus," the sweet, pathetic "Tempest of the Heart," the tender, touching, "Sleep, Gentle Mother," and the wild, thrilling "Miserere."

Of the living composers of to-day, it would be difficult, even with accurate knowledge, to speak properly; for history has not yet assigned to them their true place. Wagner, so recently deceased that we can scarcely realize his death, is probably the greatest composer of the age, although he has, like Wordsworth in his time, divided the critics. I do not pretend to be competent to judge his work properly, but I know I can appreciate it far better than I could a year ago. And, as it grows upon individuals, so does it seem destined to grow upon the world. He is reported to have said, "I will not come down to the people—I will bring them up to me. My music is the music of the future." Critics have said that his harmonies were "overloaded," but this only proves the daring originality of his genius. No musician before him ever so developed the resources of harmony—even the aged Verdi confessed himself willing to sit at his feet and learn of him. Young players will understand this better by examining the introduction to the opera of *Lohengrin*, and noticing the almost bewildering abundance of rich, heavy chords. The "Bridal Chorus," from the same opera, is one of Wagner's rarest gems.

This composer's great works are *Lohengrin*, *Thamhauser*, and *Parsifal*, the last of which he left unfinished at his death. Wagner's works are principally founded upon beautiful mediæval German legends, half Pagan, half Christian. It may be said of Wagner that, not only has he exalted music itself, but he has also excelled in introducing into it and combining with it a purely poetic element, beautiful for its own sake, and not merely by virtue of the added lustre derived from music. Other composers have often founded their grandest works upon the most commonplace stories or subjects.

Wagner seems another approach to the universal genius, as exemplified in such rare cases as Michael Angelo or Leonardo da Vinci. He was not only among the greatest of all great musicians, but he was also, though in a less degree, a writer, an artist, and a scientist.

Now I have before me a series of names, which I confess myself unable to arrange in order, either of time or merit. I only know them by one or

more beautiful pieces of music, so signed. Among them are Lange, Jungmann, Schumann, and Wely, who have given us respectively, *Pure as Snow*, *Heimweh*, *Traumerei*, and *Monastery Bells*. I will add Gottschalk, *The Last Hope*; Brinkmann, *Remember Me*, and Suppé, *Poet and Peasant*. I might mention a few more modern compositions of undoubted merit; but the probability is that you already know them, perhaps better than I do. At any rate, I believe the new is too well known (except, of course, Wagner) in comparison with the old.

I do not want you to accept my word as authority—I do not profess to be more than a learner myself. But I sincerely believe that you cannot become even tolerably familiar with the list of composers and compositions mentioned without having at least a slight idea of what music really is. And never thereafter will you be content to go back, as it were, and feed upon husks, having once caught a glimpse of the golden grain.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

### A BLOSSOM SONG.

ROSES, roses;—who will buy  
Pretty roses, fresh and sweet?  
Gathered while the daylight crept  
Up the sky with shining feet;  
Buy the pretty blossoms, dear,  
And I'll tell you something true;  
Kiss the blossoms for your love  
And your cheeks will steal their hue!

Pansies, pansies;—buy, oh! buy  
Velvet beauties, with a trace  
Of an elfin artist's skill  
In each upturned, saucy face!  
Buy my pretty pansies, sweet,  
And a charm I'll whisper you,  
Lay the blossoms next your heart  
And its dreams will all come true!

Lilies, lilies;—buy, oh! buy  
Royal lilies, pure and cold  
As the drifted, winter snows  
Save their quivering hearts of gold;  
Buy the stainless blossoms, dear,  
And I'll whisper something true;  
Heart of gold and spotless truth  
Some one waits to ask of you!

LUCY M. BLINN.

I do not look  
Upon the present, nor in nature's book,  
To read my fate;  
But I do look  
For promised blessings in God's Holy Book;  
And I can wait.



## LIVING LIGHT.

AS the oars strike the water of the sea on some cloudless summer night, it breaks into a shimmer of indescribable lustre. As they rise again, with rhythmic beat, they seem to drop not water, but drops of fire. Wherever a little wave breaks, the bubbles are tiny, luminous worlds. The contour of the bay, otherwise imperceptible amid the gloom, is marked, as in an illumination, in outlines of lambent flame. Then,

AN ANIMAL LANTERN (*Pyrosoma*).

when a breeze creeps landward and grows into an infant gale, the whole surface of the roughened tide brightens into an expanse of glory.

Such scenes are witnessed even in our dull northern clime; but in warmer regions, more prolific in startling miracles of nature, the splendor of the nightly seas almost exceeds belief, save on the evidence of sight. Rolling billows are kindled into masses of flame. The mystic radiance from below is suggestive of festal illumination in

marine palaces of nereids and mermaids. Luminous creatures flash across the field. Here comes a slow, sailing moon, as broad and bright as its prototype in the sky, but tinged with a tint of exquisite color that fascinates the gaze. There palpitates, with vibrations of flame, the opening and closing bell of a wonderful medusa, while behind it, for forty or fifty feet, its tentacles are seen in lines of light. The secret of this radiance is even yet beyond the ken of science. But this at least we do know, that not only these gorgeous wonders of tropical seas, but even the faintest shimmer of our northern waters, is the radiance of living light. We used to speak, and may do so even yet in common conversation, of the "phosphorescence" of the sea. But as a matter of fact, so far as we know, phosphorus has nothing whatever to do with it. In every instance, it is now believed, the luminosity is caused by living creatures that have this strange gift of shining with a light of their own. True it is, that in a bucket of shining water drawn from the sea a tolerably powerful microscope will sometimes fail to detect the presence of organic structures. But this is only because in such a case they are so infinitely minute. These structures belong to the very lowest order of existence, being mere specks of protoplasm, without any organic arrangement that can be detected. Yet they have this power, which man can only imitate by his electric light, the product of elaborate machinery.

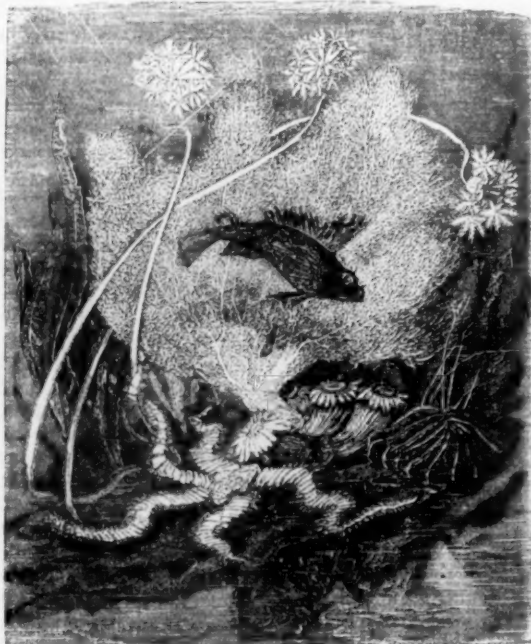
Whether the living light can be called electric or not, we do not know. So far as we are aware, no reason has ever been discovered for considering it so. But the charm of the so-called phosphorescent light must yield to the wonder of the living creatures who swim about in the water like animated electric lamps. One of them, to which we have alluded above, is

known to science as the *Pyrosoma*, which is Greek for "fire-body." In the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, Humboldt saw the ocean illuminated to a considerable depth by these sea-moons. Their radiance spread so far around that he could watch the movements of other fish thereby. Other observers have noticed the light change from yellow to green or blue or red and have declared it to be so bright that they could read or write thereby. On the coast of

Florida one evening, a water party formed a procession of several boats, in which, by accident, a young man was separated from the desire of his eyes. She, leaning over the side, caught in her hand one of these luminous creatures floating by, and, standing erect, held it aloft above her head. So brightly did it shine that, at the distance of a hundred yards, her knight, sitting at his oar, could recognize every feature of the beloved face by this novel lamp. As already mentioned, some forms of medusa, or jelly-fish, have this strange gift, and their movements, as they gracefully open and close, with long streamers radiating far behind, make them one of the most beautiful sights of the ocean. Some kinds of sea anemones, also, are luminous, and make the rocks whereon they sit like a fire grotto. Other creatures, again, are like ocean feathers, wisps of unsubstantial brightness, beautiful in their native element, but shriveling to nothing and perishing at the grasp of the hand.

Although, as we have said, the means by which this living light is produced are, up to the present time, an unsolved mystery, yet some indications are afforded of the direction in which the solution must be sought. Take, for instance, the pyrosoma. Its form is that of a cylinder open at one end and closed at the other. Within the interior the water of the ocean is freely admitted. The skin of the creature is flecked with a large number of spots such as are found in other luminous animals

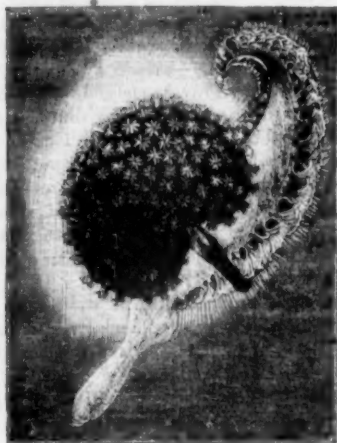
whether marine or terrestrial; and from these spots the light shines out which illumines the whole body. If a pyrosoma be taken out of the



GORGONIAS.

sea and left quietly at rest in a bucket of salt water, its luminosity becomes gradually fainter, without, however, altogether disappearing. If now the creature be touched, or the water be set in motion, it flames out again with as much brilliancy as ever. Another curious circumstance is that if a pyrosoma be placed in fresh water its luminosity continues undiminished as long as life endures, and perhaps afterward. Whether the water be quiescent or disturbed, in this case, seems to make no difference; the fresh water itself has all the effect that the disturbed sea water produces.

From such facts we should gather the suggestion that the luminosity is in some way or other connected with nervous irritability. It is true that in animals of such low organization nerves as a distinct system are not clearly discernible, and sometimes wholly undiscoverable. Nevertheless, irritability is a characteristic of all living protoplasm; and, as organization rises in the scale, this irritability is increasingly developed in particular parts of the body where such a susceptibility is found specially useful. It may, therefore, be well believed that these luminous spots, of which we have spoken, are the centres of special susceptibility to



SEA FEATHER AND ANEMONE.

irritation. It is true that, even if this be the case, we are as far off as ever from explaining how it is that nervous irritation should produce light. Still it cannot but be of interest to note facts that seem to group themselves around this suggestion. It is observable, for instance, that agitation of the sea is always favorable to luminosity. The water that previously appeared quite dark breaks into



LUMINOUS SEA ANEMONES.

lines of light as the wind raises it into ripples. Also, when the water is disturbed by oars the same thing takes place. This would certainly appear as if the irritability of tissue present even in the minutest organisms were susceptible of mechanical motion, and in this excitement flashes forth the light.

### HAPPINESS.

**Y**ES, that is the word. I have been wondering what I could call this little sketch.

You would not think that happiness could come with old age and poverty, would you? If we were asked, "What would be the highest condition of happiness in this world?" the most natural answer would be, "A plenty of this world's goods and youth to enjoy it." Notwithstanding, riches may leave us and youth cannot stay, both leaving a blank that nothing of earth can fill.

It would not do for the mind to dwell long on speculations of this kind, for it surely would go insane if there were not something better—infinately better—provided for us. Our best and truest knowledge of God comes upon us all unawares, and incidents of His power come to us when our religious feelings are at their lowest ebb, bearing proof of His ever-watchful care of us. I had need of this, and it came.

The Sunday work I had engaged in, with so much fervency at first, began to lag in interest.

There seemed to be no good results, there was so much deception coming from those we were trying to benefit—so many "complaints" and much so "begging" and so much talking about their wants and personal discontent. It seemed almost hopeless trying to get an answer to a simple question about their religious feelings. They would never understand you or they would pretend not to, but were particularly anxious to lay claim to your charity in their own way. The first word from me would bring out:

"I aint feelin' very well to-day. I was out all night walkin' about the streets."

"Couldn't you go to the station-house and stay?"

"No, mum, I was too late; besides, I don't like them kind of places. Have you got a dress or a bit of overskirt or something that you could give me?" [with the never-failing inducement to give], "I could get work if I could only have a good dress." Or, "I'm pretty well, I thank you. Have you got a pair of shoes or rubbers? See, my shoes are all off my feet. I could get work if I had a decent pair of shoes, but nobody 'll take me in them!"

And so on for weeks I went the rounds mechanically, hearing nothing but complaints and wants. Not a bright spot or anything to tell me that the work was going on for good, and I began to mass the whole as a complaining set of beggars, for when I did help them materially, in most cases I never knew the result; for they would not come again. In one case, where I had an opportunity to follow it out, the giving of money proved a real unkindness, for it was used to purchase the worst of all drugs—opium. All this was discouraging.

I went my rounds this Sunday with a sort of stunted duty-feeling, asking questions about their welfare and receiving the usual answers. At the end of one of the rows of seats I came upon a white-haired old lady—*she was a lady*. Nothing strange in seeing gray heads and bowed forms here. But there was something different about this one I rather felt than saw. As I came along she moved aside, as though to let me pass. I looked down into her face, and was struck by the absorbed look. The face was old and wrinkled, but the look had nothing to do with either of these. I put my hand on her shoulder and said:

"Mother, what is it?"

I surprised myself with the suddenness with which I asked the question, and I verily think it asked itself, brought out by the wonderfully intense expression in her face.

She looked up brightly—"Oh! I am so happy."

Well, I was surprised indeed. The time and place kept the truth from entering my mind, for I had never even heard an expression of content

here. While I was recovering I felt a growing interest in her favor. I said:

"Mother, won't you tell me?"

"Oh! yes," she said, "I have found the blessed Saviour," and she whispered "Saviour" with such a mysterious interest.

It was a short sentence. I had heard it often in my life, but I never knew its full meaning before. It fairly lifted me out of myself. I must know more. I led her to talk, and with her sweet old face growing more beautiful as she went on.

"It was here in the prayer-meeting, where the good men and women pray for us, that the dear Saviour found my breaking heart and bound it up, bidding me live for Him. And oh! I only wish I had known Him sooner. It seems almost wrong to offer him the remnant of my days; but I do thank God for His mercy in calling me even now; for what should I do without it?"

These prayer-meetings were held during the week. I could not attend, but I knew about them. This, then, was one of the good results attending the prayers of the Christians who are working so faithfully for the good of the needy.

She uttered no complaint nor expressed any want; the heartfelt, loving faith had supplied all. I knew by her dress that she must be poor, and I never had more willingness to offer help, but I felt a delicacy in speaking to her about such lowly wants. I began my inquiries by asking her about her home; for I felt sure that so much real goodness must be the centre of a loving home, be it ever so poor; for naturally she *must* be good—everything about her gave signs of native goodness, her tones, her soft, quiet ways, manner of expression, and last and loveliest, her heart was open to the better influences, showing she had never been hardened, that poverty, and not crime, had pushed her to this extreme.

No, she had "no home," and a slight flush crept over her poor old face, as she whispered, piteously, "I'm stopping at a station-house now," and, as if that were something to be thankful for, she said, "The janitor is real good to me; he gives me scrubbing to do to pay for my lodgings." She continued, "I get odd jobs to do outside."

She glanced up into my face with a look of relief that the burden of telling where she was staying was off her mind. When she saw the tears of sympathy in my eyes, she added, reassuringly, "Oh! I shall get a good place to work, by and by, in some good family where they'll be good to me."

"God grant," I mentally prayed.

And oh! how I wished that I had it in my power to give this motherless old mother a home! She had told me that she had had a family of children, but they all died young, and her husband died a few months ago.

"We didn't have much, because of late years he had the rheumatiz' and didn't earn much; and when he got his last sickness, I had to sell off bit by bit, whatever we had in the house, to get him what he needed. But somehow I kept thinking all the time he was going to get well." And her poor face quivered at the remembrance. After a moment's struggle with herself she said:

"It's all for the best, and he 'was such a good man."

That seemed to bring her comfort. I thought, dear old wife, you are surely, then, on the right road to him. A strange pain was tugging at my heart. I knew I was glad that she had such perfect joy and faith in the Lord, and the pain came from my lack and loss; and what a loss, when the love is so fully and freely offered! I could not receive and be benefited by that great and beautiful love as she was, and all through the lack in myself. And to-night I have prayed as I never prayed before. As I write, I seem to take in more perfectly the lesson taught me by the side of that poor old woman, all so unconsciously on her part, when it would seem that I should have been the comforter and not she.

As I parted with her, I said, "You will be sure and come next Sunday," and she promised she would, if she didn't get a place to work.

How eagerly I looked for the next Sabbath. When I saw her I felt that my duties would be real pleasures with her kind old eyes watching me. She gave me much help and counsel—not in any way intending it, but her "profession of religion" bore the stamp of truth that could not in any way be mistaken. And I was happy in being under the solemn, joy-giving influence.

Two Sundays more she came, and two more delightful talks. But the next Sunday she was not in her place, and oh! how I missed her! I have not seen her since, but indirectly I heard she had gotten work. I hope whoever she is with will appreciate her worth and make her a happy home like the dear old lady in "Antique Furnishings."

EMILIE EGAN.

HOME.—A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance, and beauty, so kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions make glad the sacred spot called home. No matter how humble the abode, if it be sweetened with kindness and smiles the heart will turn longingly toward it from all the tumults of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.



## LETHIA'S GARDEN.

"LOOK, Georgine! behold that dress laid out for at least the tenth time, and I am expected to put it on and look as though it had never been worn before. I am growing to positively detest the thing, and yet, what can I do? If we go to Mrs. Madden's—and I must say I do want to go there, for we always have a nice time—I shall have to endure it once again, and it makes me desperate to think of it."

dare tell how many times they have been cleaned than I would tell my age if I were fifty and unmarried. Talk of your poor people! I don't believe that one-half the people who are classed as paupers suffer from the misery of poverty as we do. I've come to the conclusion that the hardest life to live is that of one born in the station of a lady and obliged to live on an income barely sufficient for the family of a well-to-do mechanic."

"Indeed, Georgine," chimed in Lethia, "I think the mechanic's daughter is a good deal bet-



SHE SEATED HERSELF, WITH HER GOD-DAUGHTERS STANDING BEFORE HER.

And the speaker, a dark-haired girl of eighteen, turned her blue eyes, with a look of ludicrous distress, upon her companion, who, seated by the window, was busily engaged in mending a pair of long, light gloves. So alike were the two girls that the most intimate friends of Mrs. Marston fell into many funny mistakes respecting her twin daughters.

"Don't speak of it, Lethia. The fact that things are as they are is enough to ruin one's temper. These gloves, for instance—why, I would no more

ter off than we, for she can go to work and in many ways earn enough to support herself without losing caste, and it must be an immense satisfaction to feel that one is not altogether dependent upon one's father. Poor, dear father, who tries so hard to do his very best, Georgine; it makes my heart ache to see him come home at night looking so worried, and his hair is as gray again as it was last year."

"I know it, Lethia; do you not think I've noticed it, and I fairly dread to ask mother for



anything. Of course, it is not because she does not want us to have what we ask, for I know it is quite the contrary, and when she speaks so quickly sometimes I know well enough, Lethia, it's only because she is worried to death to know how she can give us that which is so difficult to procure. Now, I'm really in distress about my boots; you've no idea how I dread a windy day, for I imagine all the time the patches on them stare every one in the face, and, even patches and all, they are not going to hold out much longer. Fate can only tell where the money to buy another pair is coming from."

And Georgine held out a pair of little, shabby feet, incased in shoes that looked indeed in the last stages of dilapidation.

"Well, Georgine, they *do* look wretched enough, but perhaps, dear, something temporary might be done in the way of blacking; just now they are about the color of Mrs. Mackintosh's Scotch snuff."

And with a merry laugh Lethia seized her sister, and whirled her around the room to the music of her own voice in one of Strauss' beautiful waltzes.

Two light-hearted girls they were, in spite of all vexations, and brave enough as well, but, after all, how were they fitted for the battle of life?—the children of parents who, in common with many others, belonged to families inheriting traditions and position, but having lost the means to sustain either.

"I do not see how we can economize any further," Mrs. Marston had said, in answer to a protest from her husband; "we must keep up a certain appearance or step out of our own circle and into one in which neither you nor I would feel at home, and with which we could not bear to see our daughters associated."

"There's more than one grain of truth in what you say, Amelia," George Marston replied, "but it is a fact to be regretted, for how much happier would the majority of people be could they be made to understand the true dignity of labor. It is not the work that degrades the person, but the spirit in which it is done. Honest work, performed with the best of our powers, broadens and perfects a man or woman, and gives to him or her the truest dignity and respect for their fellow-men and themselves."

"That's all very well, George," replied his wife, "but you cannot open society's eyes to that fact. Of course, I realize that, after all, it's very unsatisfactory."

And poor Mrs. Marston resumed, with a sigh, her interrupted task of ripping up an old dress, destined to be made over and look, as her nimble-fingered dressmaker would say, "just like a new one."

It was a pretty home full of dainty belongings;

VOL. LII.—24.

skillful, feminine fingers had concealed beneath a covering of rich embroidery the worn and shabby places in chair and table; and more than one stain on the wall-paper was hidden behind a lovely engraving. Many a pretty statuette and costly vase adorned the cabinet, but the majority of these graceful ornaments had been given Amelia Spenser when, in the flush of youth and beauty, she had bestowed her heart and hand upon George Marston, and the remainder had come afterward as Christmas remembrances. But the carpet showed many a worn spot, and Georgine, with a half-sorrowful laugh, declared it "to be typical of their fortunes." But pretty rugs were purchased, and, under their magical effect, the parlor resumed its dignity.

Love, too, reigned in this pretty dwelling, and each individual would have sacrificed their dearest interests for the rest, but yet one could not say it was a happy home, for care brooded over them with its overshadowing wings, darkening their whole existence.

"George Marston's twins," as the girls were called by their father's old friends, had been given what is generally termed "a fine education," and it had been paid for by many a sacrifice on the part of their parents. The English branches had received fair attention, they being good spellers and grammarians, and knowing enough of mathematics to accomplish a sum without having recourse to their fingers. They spoke French nicely without remembering much of the rules that regulated the language, possessed a smattering of German, Latin, astronomy, botany, geometry, etc., composing an educational *hash*, on which too many of our girls are fed at the present day.

Probably had they been sent to a public school they would have acquired a groundwork more substantial and of more value in cases of emergency; but Mrs. Marston, armed with her traditions, regarded such an innovation with horror. Never should her daughters be subjected to such surroundings, for their associations must be formed, and who could tell what leveling influences might be brought to bear upon them under such conditions. So they had been sent to the same establishment in which their mother had been educated when her father possessed a fortune, and their schooling had been completed with many a bitter struggle to their parents. Both girls knew something of music, Georgine singing sweetly; and many a pretty tile and water-color that adorned their parlor was due to their deft fingers; but their pictures remained, even at the best, successful amateurish efforts, and would hardly have brought a price in a market already overstocked with the productions of artists who had given their whole time and attention to their occupation for years.

For what, then, were these "accomplished" girls fitted, should any great emergency fall upon

them unawares, and even now it crowded closely upon them.

One day Mr. Marston returned from his office at an unusual hour, utterly overcome and broken down by the tremendous strain on nerve and brain which he had sustained for so long a time. It was a pronounced type of nervous exhaustion and depression, a disease, alas! far too common in these days; and the old family doctor, without for an instant suspecting the state of his patient's resources, gave as his fiat that absolute rest and change of scene for months was the only chance held out to him whereby he might recover his mental and nervous balance. Grief settled down upon the family after the departure of the physician, and the girls and their mother sat looking into each other's eyes in blank despair. At length Lethia hurriedly left the room, and Georgine and her mother clung together in bitter tears.

Lethia ascended to her own peculiar sanctum at the top of the house, and, locking herself in, sat down to solve this knotty problem. First she indulged in a passionate fit of weeping; then, dashing aside her tears, looked into the future with steady eyes. One thing alone remained a fixed fact in her mind—her father must be sent away at any cost; but how to accomplish that fact was the Gordian knot that she knew not how to untie. She thought and thought, until her head ached. At last a happy inspiration flashed to her—her green-house was full of beautiful orchids in full bloom, and much of her spare time was given to the pleasant care of these gifts of friends. Yes! the orchids must go, but she would not sell all of them—some few of the rarest should go, for they would, she had been told, bring a high price. But dear Godmother Abbot was to give a ball next week, and she might as well hire her plants as to apply to a florist for them. She was kind and sensible, and could advise with her.

With Lethia to conceive was to do, and, putting on her bonnet, the pretty, stylish girl tripped away, without a word of explanation to any one.

"You are a brave girl," Mrs. Abbot had said, in reply to her story, "and though from my heart I am sorry that you all are so unhappily situated, yet I think I thoroughly comprehend it, and you have done the right thing, dear Lethia. I will speak to a friend of mine, who is a great fancier of orchids and who will pay almost any price for rare plants, and if the sum realized in that way is not sufficient to send away your father and my old friend I will loan you the remainder, to be repaid when and how you can."

"Thanks, dear godmother," Lethia gratefully replied, a load lifted from her heart, and fervently blessing the true friend who had aided her so effectually without destroying her feeling of independence and self-respect.

Early in the next day Mrs. Abbot made her

appearance at the Marston mansion and, warmly welcomed on all sides, said, in her hearty way:

"Amelia, I have come to spend all day with you and have a good talk with my god-daughters. But first, let me show you a letter that I received this morning from my friend, Mrs. L—, and I would like you two girls to read it aloud to me, for my eyes are not so good as they once were."

And taking a letter and roll of tapestry from her satchel, she seated herself, with her god-daughters standing before her. The group made a pretty picture of two distinct types of feminine attractiveness, in the sweet dignity of the elder lady and the charming grace of the young girls. The wife of an old friend had written to Mrs. Abbot:

"Will you do me a great kindness, dear Mathilde, and find for me some one who will undertake to finish the elaborate piece of tapestry already commenced by my Elise, and which I am sure will never be finished by her fingers. As I wish very much for this particular pattern, I will pay well for its accomplishment, so do not limit yourself in regard to that matter. \* \* \* Now another tax upon your kindness and I have done. I have an immense amount of shopping to be done for the coming season, and cannot leave Idlewild at present for any such purpose. Of course, I cannot ask my friends to undertake such an herculean task for me, but if you could recommend any one of good taste and judgment, who would be willing to take all this off my hands, and receive a handsome commission in return, I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

"Now, girls," said Mrs. Abbot, cheerily, "will you undertake this? I would like to oblige Mrs. L—, and I do not know where to find any one who has better taste than you have in such matters, and as for judgment, I learn from your mother that you have attended to the greater part of the family shopping for the past year," and Mrs. Abbot paused for a reply.

The girls turned with a common impulse, almost overwhelming their god-mother with heartfelt thanks and loving caresses.

"Run now, Lethia," spoke Mrs. Abbot, with tears in her eyes and a smile on her lips, "dry your eyes and bathe your face; the friend of whom I spoke to you yesterday will be here in half an hour to look at your orchids and you must be in readiness."

Promptly at the hour mentioned, the visitor was ushered into Mrs. Marston's parlor, and Mrs. Abbot, followed by Lethia, advanced to meet the gentleman who entered.

Notwithstanding his tall and commanding presence and elegance of manner, Lethia soon found herself talking easily and enthusiastically on the ground of a common taste; for Reginald Allston possessed the happy faculty of setting every one at ease with whom he was brought in contact. A

true and courteous gentleman in his instincts, he grasped the situation at a glance, and a thrill of pleasure was experienced by him, as he thought that he might be instrumental in helping to ward off some of the clouds whose shadows he did not like to associate with the bright face and unselfish, tender eyes that glowed at him from among the fanciful, beautiful orchids.

"Mrs. Abbot," he said, with the easy grace of a man of the world, "I cannot thank you enough for allowing me a sight of these beautiful plants, nor can I sufficiently praise the industry and judgment of Miss Marston, who has brought them to such a state of perfection. Miss Marston," he continued, turning to Lethia, "I am devoured with a terrible anxiety to possess those plants; you see how I break the commandments," he laughed, "but I have curious notions about independence, and feel no satisfaction in regarding anything I have not bought; therefore, as a great favor, I will ask you to let me have those plants and allow me to pay for them as well."

Lethia flushed and her heart fluttered like a frightened bird, but her natural truth came to her aid and she spoke frankly and fearlessly, looking bravely, with her whole soul in her face, into his brown eyes.

"Mr. Allston," she said, "I shall be very glad if you will buy my flowers; my father is ill and we are so situated that you will confer a favor, instead of receiving one. I thank you very, very much."

"Brave little girl," was the man's comment, as he looked into her eloquent, crimson face, "you would lead a regiment into battle without flinching, I do believe." His only outward recognition, however, was a low bow, as before a queen, and the words, "Thanks, Miss Marston, and rest assured that I honor you with all my heart."

The removal of her most precious orchids caused many pangs to Lethia's heart, but the pain was much mitigated by a check that the postman left, drawn to the order of Alethia Marston and signed with Reginald Allston's name; and as she indorsed it with proud satisfaction, she felt amply repaid for her sacrifices.

Two weeks of the really hard work of shopping brought not only another check of goodly amount, but what was a still brighter earnest for the future, a letter of entire satisfaction and several orders from different persons, to be attended to in the same way.

Mr. Marston was put on board the steamer for Florida one bright January day, with more than sufficient funds for his present needs and feeling that there was a prospect ahead that the daily needs of his family would be met. "Do not worry, dear father," his daughters had said, as they sadly parted from him, "the best thing you can do toward getting well is to keep your

mind free from anxiety and worryment. We shall succeed, we are certain, and the only way in which you can help us is to get better as fast as possible."

All that winter the girls were kept fully occupied. Orders for shopping came in constantly from ladies living away from the large cities, and many beautiful pieces of costly embroidery were transformed by Georgine's nimble fingers into checks for the invalid father or an added comfort for the delicate mother.

Lethia's plants were not only a constant source of delight, but they brought in to her a small but steady income. At Mrs. Abbot's suggestion, a moderate sum had been expended in the purchase of choice plants, and her efforts never seemed to be so successful. Her roses never bloomed so profusely and exquisitely, her beds of English violets and lilies-of-the-valley were overpowering in their sweetness, and the small conservatory off the parlor blossomed into a veritable garden of paradise. Nor was the ruling man wanting in this Eden; for not a week passed that Mr. Allston's tall form could not be seen bending low over the plants, and engaged in apparently deep consultation with the slender figure of Lethia.

Her fearless truth and self-sacrificing devotion had made a deep impression on the worldly man, and, insensibly on her part, Lethia fell into the habit of referring her little business perplexities to his more mature judgment.

Privately Mrs. Abbot procured for her many orders for flowers, and Lethia, with much amusement, frequently recognized in the hands of some society belle a bouquet of lovely blossoms that was due to her lavish care.

One day in the early spring, Mr. Allston, now settled into an old friend and *habitué* of the house, said to Lethia:

"Miss Marston, I have something to propose to you. I want you to sit down and plan out on paper an ideal garden. See," he said, sketching rapidly, "there stands the house, here slopes the ground down to the river, and here, and here," with quick pencil dottings, "are to be had beautiful views."

Entering into the spirit of the joke, Lethia requested a day or two to fill out the plan, and became much interested in her work.

"There," she said to her mother and sister, "that's the way I shall lay out my garden, should I ever be fortunate to possess one."

With a laughing remark she laid it before Mr. Allston, who, appearing to take a serious view of the matter, examined it critically and in silence, and finally, turning to her, said, clapping his hands:

"Bravo, Miss Marston! I knew you could do it! I have always wondered why women did not turn their attention to landscape-gardening. Do you know that this design would do justice to one who has made a business of the art—for art it is?

It is just what I have wanted for some time, but have found none who could furnish exactly the originality of design I wished. I am delighted to think that you have accomplished what others have failed to do. I am going to ask a favor of you. I want you to give me this design to assist me in the furtherance of a plan that lies very near my heart."

Lethia's face flushed with pleasure, and, placing the roll of paper in his hand, said, with sweet gratitude:

"Mr. Allston, you make me very happy in giving me a chance to show how grateful I am for all your kind help."

Reginald Allston opened his lips to speak, but the time was not yet.

The next week, Lethia was surprised by an order for another design from a comparative stranger to her, but, as she well knew, a friend of Mr. Allston's, and which, being satisfactorily accomplished, added perceptibly to their slender income. More than one order did she thus fulfill during the spring, and the little jaunts into the country which this work necessitated proving beneficial both to health and spirits. So the time passed, and Mr. Marston, fully restored to health, was once again to have the happiness of returning to his beloved family.

A day or two before his arrival, Reginald Allston called at Mrs. Marston's and said to Lethia:

"Miss Lethia, will you drive with me this afternoon a little distance out of town? I will return you in safety in time for your late dinner," and quickly they were seated behind a pair of dancing bays and skimming swiftly along, to the great enjoyment of both parties.

They drew up at the lodge of a handsome place, and Mr. Allston, throwing the reins to the old man who opened the gate for them, held out his hands, saying:

"Come, Miss Lethia; jump down and let us walk through these pretty grounds. This place belongs to an absent friend of mine, but I have the right of entry at all times."

What ailed Lethia? She could not shake off a strange feeling of familiarity with the place and its surroundings, and as the feeling increased upon her it bewildered her into absolute silence.

A sudden turn in the path opened before them a magnificent view far up the valley, and Lethia, clasping her hands, stood transfixed to the spot with delight.

"O Mr. Allston!" she exclaimed, "what a lovely surprise! whoever planned this place knew what they were doing!"

He came close up to her with quickening breath.

"Lethia, my darling," he said, "you little dreamed that you were planning your own garden for me, did you?"

Lethia gazed at him in bewilderment.

"Lethia," he answered her look, "I love you dearly and truly; will you be my wife? I will take such good care of you, my brave darling."

We shall not tell what she answered, but rest assured that Lethia's garden ever after recognized in her its presiding genius and projector.

H. S. ATWATER.

## OUT OF PITY.

SHE was just seventeen—the very youngest little bride that any one remembered ever coming to reign at Arnwood Towers—the sweetest, daintiest little Lady Fielding that the county had ever welcomed.

To herself it was all like a dream, it had come so fast; it seemed as if all her life had lived itself in those six months; the leaving her English school and going out to her father's plantation in Ceylon, so proud to be his housekeeper and companion; the strange brief life on the up-country coffee estate. Then the young English stranger who passed through Lindoola, in his rather vague wanderings for adventure's sake, and who was received and entertained at Holme Harcourt with the delightful, open-handed hospitality of the colonies.

And then the awful night when the sudden terrible stroke of cholera left her fatherless, and life seemed one great black void; and the chaplain's wife had been good to her, and kept her from dying in despair; and Sir Harry Fielding had been still more good; and then—and then—she was resting her poor little orphaned head on a heart that was kind and true as her own father's, and a strong arm was close round her slender waist, and the voice she liked alone to hear of all the voices around her was telling her she should never know another sorrow he could guard her from. He seemed the only real thing in all that dream-time; the sad past, and the present that was so happy, but just as unlike reality. Was it really herself, simple little Nesta Harcourt, that people were fussing over and petting and welcoming home as if she had been a royal princess?

Perhaps it was as well she could not realize it, or her head might have been turned. Why, had not the whole week Harry and she were spending with his sister, Mrs. Mostyn, to present Nesta to the country-side, been one round of festivities, of which she was the queen? This evening they had all driven to a grand concert in the county town, to hear a famous singer; and Nesta, in her wonderful golden satin gown, rich with embroidery and lace, with her eyes outshining the diamonds on her white neck, and her cheek flushed with its pretty shy pink, had been an attraction only second to the queen of song herself. She felt a little weary with the excitement and the happiness, now



that they had reached home and were having supper in the great hall, for the concert had forced them to dine rather earlier than usual.

The house was crowded with guests, and they were all vehemently declaring that the night was hardly begun yet, and they meant to finish it with a few games. The furniture in the blue drawing-room was being hastily moved, and Nesta's heart sank at the thought of further exertion; her head ached and she was worn out. She would slip away quietly to bed, and leave Harry to make her excuses to Eleanor. Where was Harry, by the way? She had not seen him since they sat down to supper, and he and that beautiful Miss Trafford were talking in the door-way. A hasty search through the nearest rooms had no result, and Nesta stopped by an open door to glance in at the half-cleared drawing-room.

Two portly dowagers were deep in conversation, their heads bent together behind their fans; but their voices rose above the music Eleanor was playing, and Nesta could not help hearing what they said.

"Gladys Trafford; yes, indeed!" cried the black velvet gown to the purple brocade. "A very, very old love affair that, my dear. He and she were perfectly inseparable, and a most suitable match it would have been. The two oldest families in the county; his equal in position and fortune. Lord Stourbridge's estates are next his, you know, and Gladys is heiress to a great part."

What made Nesta's heart give such a leap, and her feet feel spell-bound to the spot where she stood? Arnwood Towers was the only place near the Traffords. It was as if her whole being were strained to hear the rest; she never thought of eaves-dropping, poor child; it was life-and-death work to her.

"And why didn't it come about?" asked the purple brocade.

"Heaven knows! A lovers' tiff, I suppose, or some such rubbish. It's a thousand pities! a Lady Fielding has always been at the head of the county society, and Gladys Trafford is just made for the position, with her beauty and cleverness and talents. She has always been immensely popular."

"And who is the girl he has married? She seems a nice little thing enough."

"Oh! a harmless sort of creature; pink-and-white prettiness, nothing more. She was a planter's daughter in Ceylon or somewhere; and he was staying with them when the father died. She was left quite friendless and destitute, and he married her out of pity. He was always a quixotic goose, Harry Fielding."

The spell was off now, and Nesta, white as death, was hurrying up the stairs to her room. There was a little sofa in a sheltering nook in the corridor, and there sat Harry—the missing Harry—and the woman he should have married.

Nesta sped past, but as she fled she saw Harry bend his head to kiss the beautiful hand he was holding, and she heard his low murmur—

"If I had only known, years ago, things might have been so different!"

On, on, till her own door closed behind her, and she gazed wildly round at the pretty ornaments that strewed her bower, as if she had never seen them before. She flung the diamonds from her throat and wrists as if they hurt her, and sank into a chair beside the quaint old ebony table, leaning her head, with its tangle of crisp brown hair, down on her folded arms. She did not shed a tear, but her brain seemed on fire.

Beside her stood the tall vase of rushes that Harry and she had gathered from the lake only yesterday. Wasn't it a hundred years ago?

"Never another sorrow he could guard her from?" Well, it was true; he couldn't help this; it wasn't his fault; he had meant to do right, he had married her "out of pity" when he loved another woman. It must be her own fault, not his; yes, because she was pink-and-white, and nothing more; and she was not tall and stately and talented; and she ought to have known pity wasn't love, only it had seemed so like it!

"If he had known years ago, things might have been so different!" Might they not still? What if she were to go away that very night and never trouble him again? She had not a friend in the world except her old Brighton schoolmistress; she would go to her and beg her to take her in and let her teach the little children. And perhaps she might die soon, and Harry could be happy with the woman he had always loved. Nesta felt as if death wouldn't be long in coming she felt so ill now.

She got up to fetch a time-table. Yes, the mail train passed through Middlehampton at one o'clock; it was only twelve now, and though she couldn't very well understand the puzzling figures, she thought it must stop at the little station just the other side of the park.

She drew her blotting-book to her and began to write fast. A big tear or two splashed down on the paper, but she wiped them patiently away; it must be clear, that Harry might read it.

"They say you only married me from pity," she wrote; "I might have guessed it, my darling, but you were so good to me that I never, never did. I can't make you free again, but it is better for us never to see each other any more, and perhaps I may die and you can go back to the woman they say you have always loved. I saw you just now, when you kissed her hand and said things might have been so different if you had only known years ago. Yes, they would have been different for us all. God bless you, my poor, good boy! you were not to blame."

She paused and looked up.

"What shall I sign it?" she said. "I am not his wife any more; for only love really makes a marriage."

Her eyes fell on her little wedding-ring, its brightness scarcely tarnished yet. She stooped and pressed her lips to it, gently, solemnly.

"O Harry! my Harry!" she whispered, "if it had only been love, not pity!"

She rose and slipped off the golden satin gown and put on a dark, warm dress instead.

"I must even go away from him in the things he gave me," she said, as she fastened her long fur cloak with its silver clasps. "I haven't a single gown that was mine before I knew him. He has even dressed me out of charity. His pity has been more generous than other people's love."

She opened the French window in her dressing-room and stepped out on the balcony, whence a flight of steps led down to the terrace below. She glanced back at the pretty room, with its Japanese cabinets and blue-and-white china and the ebony table where the letter to Harry lay, with the light full upon it, so that he could not miss it. Then she shut the casement sharply behind her and resolutely turned away.

The moon was bright with a fitful brightness—now almost as light as day, now hidden behind hurrying clouds—and it was bitterly cold. Nesta drew her cloak tighter round her and tried to walk fast, but she was desperately weary and could only stumble along. Somehow the way to the little gate had never seemed so incomprehensibly long. Surely she could not have missed her way? The moon and the clouds were playing such pranks that one could not be sure, and her heart had been too full to notice all the turns. It was as black as Erebus now—a darkness that might be felt. Nesta took a few steps forward, then stopped short, by some mysterious instinct, just as the moon shone out clear and bright once more, its golden sparkle reflected as by a thousand broken mirrors in the waters of the lake which slumbered at her feet. A strange, sharp pain shot through her heart, as she saw the very rushes Harry and she had been gathering yesterday—yesterday, a thousand years ago; when she was happy.

A wild thought flashed across her brain: she had wished to die. Would it not be better for Harry and for herself, yes, and for that other woman, too, if she were lying under those cold, smiling waters in a dreamless sleep? It was only a moment, her soul was too white and too brave for more; she recoiled with a start of horror; but ah! the bank was worn and smooth; her little feet slipped on the edge; she threw out her hands to stop herself, but the frozen grass slid through her fingers; there was one short, sharp cry, and a pale, sweet face lay still among the rushes in the silent moonlight.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was dark and warm and deliciously restful when she knew anything again. She heard Harry's low voice before ever she opened her eyes, and felt his clasp of her hand—Harry's hand-clasp, there was no other like it anywhere—and thought it must be heaven, and was glad she had done with earth, since this was so much better. And so she slept again.

And when next she woke, she knew that the clouds she seemed to lie on, clouds soft and billowy, were her own bed, nothing more ethereal; and she was aware it must be earth still, but felt it did not matter, since it could be so like heaven; for Harry's voice and Harry's hand were there still. And she slept again, smiling gently.

But the next time she woke the hand and voice were missing and only Harry's back was visible in the room beyond, as she raised herself on her pillows. And as she rose, she caught sight of herself in the long Psyche glass opposite, and started at the reflection; for all her tangle of brown hair was cut short, and there was no pink-and-white prettiness now, only great dark eyes and a small, white face. And as she fell back on her pillows, half from surprise and half from weakness, for she was very feeble, the bells burst out clear and sweet and mystical, in a perfect carol of exultant joy.

"Christmas bells! is it Christmas?" she said. "Why, it was November when I died!"

And as Harry turned and hurried to her side, she smiled up at him and asked again:

"Christmas! is it really Christmas, Harry?" but he only bent to catch her in his arms.

She yielded to his kisses; then suddenly she tried to push him from her.

"Harry, you must not—you must not!" she said.

He saw the troubled look in her eyes and knew that memory was coming back.

"Yes, I must," he said, "my little darling, my blessing, my life! The doctor says I may tell you all about it, for the worry will hurt you more than the talking; and oh! how I have waited for this moment to come! It has been one long nightmare since the minute I heard you scream and ran up just in time to see you sink."

"Then it was you who found me? O Harry!"

"Yes, you must hear it all. I came to your room five minutes after you must have left it, and there was the time-table open and your little note, bless it!" (that tear-spotted bit of paper will never leave Harry Fielding's heart while he lives), "and so I just set off for the station as hard as I could go. I had almost reached the park gate when that cry came—off to the right—and I turned just in time."

His voice broke and he bent his head down to hers.

"Nesta, it was all a lie—a vile, infamous lie,

whoever told it. Gladys Trafford and I were always dear old boy-and-girl friends, nothing more. I knew my cousin Wilfred loved her, and I always thought she had something to do with his going to Australia, years ago. It was only that night she confessed to me that they had been engaged all these years and Wilfred was trying to make a fortune for her sake. I told her I would soon put all that right; and then I scolded her for never having told me before, when I could have saved them both all these weary years of waiting. Nesta!"—for her face was hidden and she was sobbing softly—"you will not doubt me again?"

"Never, never, never! not if you told me so yourself! But, Harry," in a whisper which scarcely reached his ear, "did you really marry me out of pity?"

"Yes, my sweetheart; the very sincerest pity for myself!"

And Nesta never asked any more questions.

## ONE WOMAN'S LIFETIME.

BY ISADORE ROGERS.

### CHAPTER I.

"IS there no power on earth or justice in Heaven that the lives of the innocent must be wrecked and ruined, blasted and blighted, to shield the guilty from the consequences of their own evil-doing? Is it a just and impartial Father, who permits one of His children to wrest all the joy and brightness from the life of another to add to his own, leaving only clouds and darkness in the sky from which he has snatched the sunshine? It seems sometimes as if I would die under the accumulation of wrongs which I am powerless to resist and equally unable to bear!"

The speaker, a fair and youthful woman, was pacing the room in a nervous and restless manner, her dark eyes flashing in angry resentment and every feature expressing the storm of passion that was raging within.

She had not noticed the presence of a second person until an elderly woman rose uneasily from the corner in which she had been sitting, saying:

"All wrongs will be righted in the great hereafter, Clare."

"But who wants to wait?" returned the first speaker, petulantly. "What are our lives for if we are to be thwarted and disappointed always, our natures perverted and turned to evil, until what good there might have been is dwarfed or destroyed by the force of circumstances? I haven't so much faith in that far distant and intangible hereafter when, in order to derive any benefit from it whatever, I must be a saint, when every circumstance and influence of my life tends to make me a sinner!"

"You always were impetuous and impatient, Clare, and I wonder that you do not become resigned to the inevitable and accept your lot as it is, without giving way to these bursts of temper; things are just as they are, and no amount of fretting and repining can make them otherwise," said the elder woman, complainingly.

"I might accept life as it is if I had been born with a temperament as placid as a summer's dream and as devoid of energy and ambition as the useless songsters which pine in life-long prisons merely to add one little selfish pleasure more to those who have the whole world from which to glean; but, unfortunately, I am differently constituted. I don't blame the faithful son for complaining that the prodigal was feasted and caressed, while no notice was taken of him who had passed his life in well-doing! The contrast between my life as it is and as it *might have been* is enough to drive me mad!"

"You always were hard and severe in your judgment of your brother, Clare. It does seem as if you, at least, might have had some sympathy with him when all the rest of the world looked coldly upon him. Where could he expect to find pity and consolation if not with the sister who had been reared by the same parents and sheltered by the same roof?" asked the mother, reproachfully.

"Ah, that is the way! If a man requires a life sacrifice from another he must come to the bosom of his own family and demand it from the sister whose happiness he ought to cherish and perpetuate instead of regarding it as his right, which she must relinquish peaceably at his demand or have it wrested from her by force! You talk of sympathy for him. What has he ever done to deserve it from me? From my earliest recollection the mere fact that he desired one of my cherished possessions insured their loss to me. His simple '*I want this*' was sufficient to obtain any treasure of mine in spite of my tears and protestations. I used to think it was your partiality; afterward I wondered if boys were better than girls that they had a right to anything that they might happen to desire; but I understand it now; his was the stronger will, and it was easier for you to disregard my rights than to maintain them in opposition to a spirit so much more determined than your own, and, with no power to enforce obedience to parental law, he learned to tyrannize over the weak and to disregard the rights of others whenever they interfered with his desires or inclinations. Only in father's presence had I any relief from his teasing, tantalizing, and annoying, for there he met with a will as unyielding as his own—with this difference, that father was as firm in maintaining justice as Harold was in following his own inclinations regardless of it. It was from him that I received the first impression that I had

rights which my brother was bound to respect. Being my own father, and only Harold's step-father, I think his conscientiousness made him pass over and leave many matters to you which would have been better discharged by his stronger will, and his time was so much occupied with business affairs that he left the training of the children to you as the lighter, if not less important labor; but you were not strong enough to control a nature like Harold's, and while I constantly took lessons in submission, if not in resignation, the unlimited exercise of his naturally selfish propensities fostered their growth and caused them to flourish like noxious weeds in genial soil."

The mother sank back into her chair with a sigh, saying:

"Is it right in you, Clare, to reproach me with a failure which has brought my own gray hairs nearer to the grave? You are young and strong, able to bear the misfortunes of life, while I am weak and feeble, lacking the strength to endure what I would not have minded at your age. I was not blind to Harold's faults, but I trusted to the development of his mind and better judgment to correct them, and when I found it necessary to submit I did so without any useless resistance to that which I could not change, and at the present time your vindictive recriminations and unavailing repinings disturb and annoy me without bringing any relief to you."

With a gesture of impatience the girl left the room, saying:

"Yes, I know it is useless to discuss the matter now."

But bitter memories had stirred the torrent of her feelings too deeply to be calmed at bidding, and, seeking the privacy of her own room, she paced restlessly to and fro, as if driven to desperation by the thought of wrongs which could not be righted.

"Yes," she said, with a scornful gesture, "she submitted to wrong because she lacked energy and strength of purpose to combat it. A sacrifice was nothing so long as it merely involved my happiness. I never received anything but tyranny and injustice at my brother's hands, and I am expected to return sympathy and self-sacrifice as if I were but yielding him his own! If father had lived it might have been different; but when I think of that night when I was so happy in the contemplation of my coming nuptials, before he came in, it almost drives me wild."

"When he entered the room, saying, 'I want to speak to you, Clare,' I felt just as I used to when he laid his hand upon my cherished toys and said, 'I want this.' A sudden dread, an indefinable apprehension, seized upon me as I rose to follow him, and, when he saw me tremble and grow white, he said, angrily, 'You need not turn pale and act like an idiot; it is a very small favor that

I have to ask.' And that 'small favor' was for the money with which I had intended to purchase my bridal outfit. I pleaded in vain; he explained that it was only as a loan which he would return in ten days at furthest, and that exposure to himself and disgrace to us both would be the result of my refusal, and hinted that Henry's love might not stand the test of family disgrace, and pictured the humiliation which I should suffer before the proud and haughty sisters, which could be avoided only by the use of my money, which would be returned before I should need it, and, at length, yielding to his alternate threats and promises, I gave it to him."

"And I had to postpone my wedding-day and invent excuses for delay, until, divining that I had a secret which I would not share with him, Henry came to doubt me, and, in a fit of anger at my inexplicable conduct, demanded an explanation or a release from his engagement. I could not explain, and, half beside myself with grief and apprehension, I gave back the ring which I had worn so gladly. And I had not seen Harold since the day he took my money, and when he did come he was under arrest for forgery, and it took all our inheritance to evade the law and so pervert justice as to shield him from the punishment of his crime."

"It was three years before I met Henry again, and another woman bore his name, but he said, 'If you had only told me the truth, Clare, I would have stood by you though every other friend had cast you off.' But the past was beyond recall, and with a broken heart I took my scanty means, scarcely enough to purchase this humble roof that shelters my mother's head and mine, and fled from the scenes of so much care and suffering; and here I drudge from morn till night to earn my bread and hers, while he goes free, seeking his living by any means rather than by honest labor."

"I try to forget, but memories of transient joys and cruel wrongs, which have shadowed the past and darkened the future, goad my spirit to madness and desperation, until I sometimes feel as if I would sell my very soul to escape the poverty and misery that threaten my old age!"

"Harold has always promised that he would one day return to us with wealth with which to restore us to the sphere from which he has dragged us, but he will obtain it by no honest means, and my dreams would be haunted by visions of felons' cells and prison bars. I have waited long and anxiously in the hope that fate still held something in reserve for me, but I am convinced that my only chance lies in reaching out and grasping some favorable circumstance and turning it to my own account."

She sat down in a low easy-chair, and for some moments remained in deep thought.

"I see but one way," she said at length, "and



that is by staking the life-long happiness of an innocent girl against the doubtful hope of reforming a heartless scoundrel! It seems wicked, but while I would fain be good and honorable in every transaction of my life, fate snatches away every lofty aspiration and forces the opposite alternative upon me. And I may be harsh in my judgment of him—I hope I am, for it will help to ease my conscience of the part which necessity compels me to take."

She arose, and, after a few restless movements about the room, sought the elder woman's presence.

"Mother," she said, hesitatingly, "if Harold were in full possession of everything to make life enjoyable—a lovely wife, with beauty, intelligence, and amiability; a devoted, self-sacrificing creature, who brought him, in addition to all these charms, wealth with which to gratify every reasonable desire—do you think that he would try to live an honorable life and kindly treat the wife who brought him all these blessings?"

"That question is like you, Clare! as if there could be a doubt of it!" exclaimed the mother, petulantly. "It is strange that none but myself could ever see the real goodness underlying the mere surface of that boy's character. A better-hearted child never lived; why, I have known him to give away dozens of books and toys to those less fortunate than himself, and yet no one ever thought of giving him the least credit for anything!"

"It was generally my toys that formed the source of his generosity," replied Clare, testily.

"There it is again," retorted the mother, impatiently; "you never could hear a word said in his favor without making some disparaging remark."

"It does seem as if he might at least keep within bounds when all temptation to evil is removed," said Clare, thoughtfully, without heeding her mother's last observation.

"Keep within bounds!" replied the mother, angrily; "why, Clare, I tell you he would be a source of pride and honor to us, and if he only had the means his generosity would place us far beyond the reach of toil and poverty."

"He may possess more real merit than I have given him credit for; perhaps I have never seen him under circumstances favorable for the manifestation of his better qualities," answered the girl, reflectively.

"Now you are right!" cried the mother, approvingly; "that is the most correct expression that you have ever made concerning him."

"I hope it is correct," said the daughter, as she left the room.

Hastily preparing for a walk, she took up a roll of music and started down the street toward a beautiful suburban residence, nearly half a mile from her own dwelling. It was the abode of wealth,

and comfort and luxury seemed to nestle in every corner of the beautiful grounds, which lay flooded in the sunshine of a cloudless day.

Seated by an open window, looking thoughtfully out upon the verdant landscape, a young girl awaited her coming. Scarcely sixteen summers had passed over the sunny head, but she was a diminutive little creature, with none of that awkward appearance frequently observed in growing girls, but every outline of form and feature seemed rounded and perfected by nature's lavish hand. Deep, thoughtful blue eyes shone with the rare intelligence of the future woman; luxuriant brown hair rippled back from the blue veins of her forehead, and the rounded cheeks were just tinted with the hue of health, heightening the beauty of the clear, transparent complexion and harmonizing with the rosebud color of the well-formed lips. The face was refined and sensitive, expressing childlike purity and innocence, while every motion was the embodiment of unconscious grace.

"A penny for your thoughts, my pensive one," said Clare, as she crossed the threshold. "Were you thinking of your prince and anticipating the time when he should come to claim your loyal little heart?"

"No," answered the girl, quickly, "I was thinking of papa and all he told me when I left my home in Texas. Oh! we had such glorious times! I used to mount my pony and ride away out upon the wide prairie with him, over grassy slopes and deep ravines, following the herds and helping to drive them into corral. He liked to have me with him, and I was so happy. I did not want to leave him, but he told me that my mother was a grand and beautiful lady and I could not be like her if I grew up like the wild-flowers upon the prairie, which fulfill their missions when they have blossomed to please the eye for one brief season, and that his daughter must have all the advantages that schools and refined associations could give that she might become what he said was the highest type of excellence on earth—a true, refined, and cultured woman—and that his highest hopes and ambitions would be fulfilled when I had attained his ideal of true womanhood. I want to reach the goal to which he points me, but the question which perplexes me is, by what means shall I attain this height? Perhaps you can throw some light upon the path and make clearer the way which leads to its attainment. Tell me, if you can, what he desires me to do."

"In the first place," said the instructress, slowly, as if measuring her words, "he wishes you to cultivate your mind and natural intelligence, to make use of books, schools, and teachers as means by which to expand your mind and strengthen your intellect, that you may be able to grasp and solve life's problems; and when you have fitted your-

self for the work of an ideal woman you will find it awaiting you. Now tell me what are your own ideas in regard to your future life; to what do you aspire?"

"I can scarcely express it," replied the girl, hesitatingly, "but I want to attain all that exalts and ennobles womanhood—intelligence, character, worth, excellence in everything—and when that is accomplished, I want to devote my life to good and noble purposes, to objects that shall be worthy of an exalted mind."

"Strange girl!" said the teacher, admiringly, "from whence did you imbibe all these ideas, so unusual for one of your age?"

"It is papa's teaching," she said, simply, "and when he talks to me I feel strong in purpose, inspired by lofty aspirations, and a desire to live to become worthy of my kind and noble father."

"And what would you call devoting your life to good and noble purposes?" asked the instructor.

"I want to stand upon a moral height from whence I can reach out to lighten the cares of the poor, comfort the hearts of the sorrowing, and help to reform the erring," replied the girl, earnestly.

"Is there anything else?" asked the teacher, as if to lead her on to further expression.

"Yes," she answered, with a tender light in the clear blue eyes; "I want to be the very light and joy of home, a blessing in the household; for when mamma went to spirit land—"

"She left an angel in her stead!" exclaimed the teacher, with moistening eyes. "Selfish indeed would be the nature that you could not lead to higher life, if brought within the power of your influence; but let us continue the work which will bear its part in fitting you for future life, by devoting the present time to the study of your lesson;" and the obedient girl took her place at the piano while Clare taught her in the mysteries of her own accomplishment, and the trilling, bird-like voice, breathing forth the melody of her soul in song, seemed too full of innocence and purity ever to be saddened by the bitter lessons of life's discipline, which refine or degrade, according to the disposition to garner good or evil from surrounding circumstances.

The lesson was finished at length and Clare went home. Long she paced her room in the solitude of night's hours, while the better nature, so nearly dwarfed and perverted by injustice and needless sacrifice, struggled against the selfish object which she had in contemplation.

"It seems so much like giving the dove to the vulture that I cannot bear to do it," she said, "and yet there may be latent good in Harold—mother is sure of it, and I have even caught glimpses of it myself. Charity begins at home and I may be doing wrong if I lose an opportunity

of surrounding my brother by influences calculated to reform and refine merely through fear of marring the happiness of one who has no claim upon me. Surely, evil could not flourish in the presence of so much innocence and purity! and it will be giving her an opportunity of performing that noble work of leading another to a higher and better life which she has marked out for herself.

"My life is blighted, the freshness of youth already declining, and in no other way can I escape the helplessness of the years that stretch on and on before me until they end in the still greater darkness of the grave. He cannot help but love her, and it must be!"

She drew forth her writing materials, and, seating herself beside a small desk, she wrote:

"MY BROTHER:—If all temptations to evil were removed from your path could you not lead a good and upright life? If money were supplied with which to gratify every reasonable desire you certainly would have no cause to seek it through unlawful channels; and if wedded to the fairest and loveliest of wives, you surely would not neglect or wound her faithful heart to wander in forbidden paths of sin.

"I feel as if I were reaching down, down, into some dark, unknown abyss, taking a fearful risk in the doubtful hope of rescuing some grain of good that might be floating there, but still I venture.

"You have always promised me a return for what I sacrificed for you, and now I can place it within your grasp to redeem the past, as far as may be.

"Among my pupils here is the daughter of a wealthy cattle owner of Texas, a sweet and winsome girl, who will make a woman fit to grace a throne when all the possibilities of her being are matured and perfected. She is scarcely more than a child as yet, knows nothing of the society of your sex, and does not dream that there is sin, vice, and wickedness in the world, and thinks of treachery and deceit only as things afar off, with which she never expects to come in contact, or at least, only as something to be reformed and righted by charity and kindness. (Take yourself, for example.) Her wedding portion cannot be less than one hundred thousand, and you are handsome and fascinating. Come and win this rare gem of budding womanhood and henceforth be worthy to wear it.

"Mother's health is failing. My utmost efforts are barely sufficient to supply us with the necessities of life, and the temptation to profit by this favorable circumstance is too strong to be resisted.

"The girl is motherless, and has been sent here to reside with a widowed aunt while she is being educated and fitted for a noble and useful life. The aunt is a strict disciplinarian, and the niece

has not been in the least spoiled by indulgence, but is at all times gentle, dutiful, and respectful. The aunt is watchful and argus-eyed, so that if you undertake the task it will require the utmost caution and secrecy. Write at once and let me know what you think of the plan.

"As ever, your sister,

"CLARE HOLISTER."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### MRS. BARKER'S WOOD.

"NO wood!" Mrs. John Barker's eyes wandered in dismay around the unpromising-looking woodyard. Two or three green logs lay there, against one of which an ax leaned in a cleft formed by a stove length being half chopped off. Her husband and his hired help, consisting of a man and a boy, had just gone to their work on a distant part of the farm, and she knew she should see neither of them before dark.

What should she do? Half impatiently she turned toward the house, and then, with a thought of the pan of light dough waiting inside, she began to gather some of the chips which lay around, only to fling them down again.

"It's no use. I can't bake bread with these. I know what I'll do."

She quickly washed the dinner dishes with the already cooling water, and then went to the stable, in which, with hands dextrous by practice in such work, she had soon harnessed a horse to a light buggy.

"Mother and the girls will think I'm crazy," she said to herself, "but I can't help that. I swung that ax once and ached for a month to pay for it, so I'm not going to do it again."

She brought out her pan of bread wrapped in a large cloth, and, setting it in the bottom of the buggy, sprung in herself, and had soon driven the two miles which lay between her own house and her mother's. Arriving there, she carried in her pan, and set it down with a laugh.

"There, mother. I've come to bake my bread. John and the others went off without leaving me any wood, and I had to do it or let it spoil. Men will forget, you know."

She was not going to blame him to others, nor let them imagine how often, since she had gone as a bride to John Barker's new house only last spring, she had had this same trouble about wood.

"That's right. Set it right down here by the fire, Susan, so 't'll get het up before you knead it into loaves. Yes, they will; and if any man's to be excused for not keepin' wood on his mind it's John Barker, if there's anything in blood, and I say there is. His father was just so—a real fore-handed man, good provider, and took a proper

pride in havin' things spick and span about him, but never seemin' to think what a bother it was to the women folks not to have their wood handy. Many and many's the time I've dropped into tea with John's mother and see her have the greatest time a scrapin' up a few chips or a shakin' the snow off sticks of miserable green wood."

John's wife turned away her face as she took off her things, for fear her friends would see in her face how nearly her own experience was already becoming like to that of John's mother.

"I used to tell her," went on her mother, "that she'd ought to trained him better when he was young. Men do need trainin', you know! Now, like as not, John takes a little after his father—nobody could wonder at it—and I wish father could haul you over a load or two of his good, seasoned wood, but I s'pose 'twouldn't do—eh, Susan?"

"No, 'twouldn't do, mother, thank you all the same."

Twilight of the November day was shutting in when John Barker, returning to his house, missed the accustomed fire glow in the windows.

"What's up? No fire! no wife! No wonder!" he ejaculated again, as he went out and took a view of the woodyard.

After fifteen minutes' work with his ax he carried in an armful of wood and kindling, and had a bright fire crackling and snapping in the stove by the time his wife's cheery voice was heard.

"I've had a real frolic, John," she said, tugging in a basket, from which she laid out several loaves of bread and a number of light, puffy biscuits. "I couldn't find any wood, so I just hitched up old Bill and drove over to mother's to bake my bread."

There was not the slightest shade of reproach in her tones, but John felt a tingle of mortification at what had occurred and resolved it should not happen again, and so he assured Susan with great fervor.

And the next day he went vigorously to work to keep his word. Logs, some freshly felled, others which had fallen through decay, were hauled from the piece of timberland belonging to the farm, and for a week all hands chopped and sawed with a will. Then the results were flung pell-mell into the wood-shed, and John, who had never learned at home to look far enough ahead to think of providing seasoned wood from year to year, felt proud at having done his duty like a man.

And Susan, as she worried through that winter with wood green or decayed, too short or too long for the stove, made up her mind (and she had quite a good deal of mind of her own to make up) that she would never worry through such another, remembering some sensible advice her sensible, energetic mother had given her when she left home.

"Bear things, Susan. There's lots of things has to be borne in this world, and them that learns to bear 'em best's the best off. Men will be trying, and if women can't be patient it's apt to make trouble. But mind—when I say bear I mean there's reason in all things, and I don't mean you should bear things that's out of all reason. If a woman 'll let herself be trod on she's sure to be trod on, and them that does it 'll never thank her for it or look up to her for it. Bear what's reasonable, Susan, but if things goes beyond reason, why then look out for yourself."

It came about that when the next October term of the Circuit Court was in session John was drawn on the jury, and had to be away for two weeks.

"Why, what in the world's this, Susan?" he said, staring into the wood-shed when he got home the second Saturday.

"That's my winter's supply of wood," said Susan.

"And how in thunder did it get there—and in such good shape, too!" He gazed at it in astonishment.

It was in good shape. Row after row of well-seasoned, neatly sawed and split wood piled to the rafters, with a heap of pine and hemlock in kindling lengths in one corner.

"I had it put there," said Susan, quietly.

Some more questions he asked, but, with a little way she sometimes had of asserting herself, she gave him to understand she had nothing more to tell, and he was ashamed to ask any one else.

The winter brought its usual round of simple gayeties in the country neighborhood, in which John and his wife took their full share.

"It seems to me, Susan," he said one evening on their return from a church sociable, "you don't fix up quite enough when you go out."

"Don't I look nice?"

"Yes, of course you do, but that's a dress you had when we were married, and that's nigh on two years ago. I haven't seen anything of that silk I gave you last fall."

"Are you sure?" she said, with a smile which he could not understand.

"Yes, I am. 'Taint even made up yet, is it?"

"Yes, it is. And you've seen it worn."

John was puzzled and felt sure he had not, but Susan would give him no further satisfaction on the subject of the silk dress.

As spring approached, she made a few suggestions as to the advisability of firewood being set to season in due time. But John, prompt and diligent in preparation for seed time and harvest, full of the best intentions regarding his wife's comfort, still thought the wood was one of the things which could be looked to any time, and Susan soon gave over reminding him of it.

One day in September he came home to dinner and found a cold lunch waiting him. The house was clean and quiet and cheerless; no wife there, but a written line which ran:

"DEAR JOHN:—I am going to spend the day over at Mrs. Carter's. Will be home in time to give you a late supper."

He was glad to have her go, for she had had a busy summer and needed a little change. But there was a day out the next week and the next and the next, until he began to wonder at Susan's growing taste for gadding about. In early October, he came home to find his wood-yard, which had still remained empty, occupied by half a dozen or more cords of first-class wood, with Sol Carter and his two big boys busy at it, and they worked until it was stored up as before in the shed. And John felt cross, but asked no questions.

"Where's Mrs. Barker?" said a small Carter boy to John, as he put up his bars one evening.

"She's over to neighbor Grant's. You will find her there if you want her."

"It aint no matter. You can tell her here's the sewin' she's to do for mother, and mother wants to know if she can come and wash to our house to-morrow."

"The—old scratch she does!" exclaimed John, turning on the boy in blank amazement, which rapidly grew into anger. "Mrs. Barker hire out to do washin' and sewin'? What d'ye mean by comin' to me with such a message, you young rascal?"

The astonished youngster dropped his sewing and applied his knuckles to his eyes as John advanced toward him, then ran with all his might, as the bundle came whizzing after him. And Susan's lord and master strode in dignified wrath down the road to meet her.

"Susan—I don't understand this—there's been a young chap talkin' about sewin' and washin' for Mrs. Carter. What in all creation does it mean, I'd like to know?"

"It's all right," said Susan, composedly. "What was the message?"

"Thunderation! You don't mean to say you sew and wash for other folks, do you?"

"Yes; I do."

"And what for? Is there anything you want, Susan, that I don't give you?"

"Yes, John, there is. I want wood. I can't saw and chop, but I can wash and sew or anything else a woman ought to do, and there's no blame to me for changing work I can do for work I can't. I'm never," Susan spoke very firmly, but without a grain of irritation, "going to put up with poor, badly cut, green wood again as long as I can turn my woman's work into man's work. I'd rather wash for somebody every week; it's half the com-



fort of a woman's life. You've never had to wait for your dinner, with the wood sizzling in the stove and the fire not burning, since I've been providing the wood."

John was dumbfounded.

"And you've been workin' for Sol Carter's wife these two years!" he said, in intense disgust.

"No; my silk dress paid for last year's wood. I hated to let it go, John, because you gave it to me, but Tilda Carter took a fancy to it. It was she you saw wearing it," and Susan laughed at his grunt of dissatisfaction with the whole business.

"You to go letting me down this way before the Carters?" he growled. And if Mrs. John's eyes flashed a little who can blame her, as she answered:

"If there's any letting down to it it's your doing, not mine!"

They finished their walk home in silence, and then John said:

"Susan, will you leave the wood business to me after this?"

"I'll try you, John," she said.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

## ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S CHARACTERS.

DESDEMONA.

**N**O character, either of fact or fiction, has ever moved the human heart with more softening emotions than has this young wife in the tragedy of *Othello*.

From her first confession of preference in the public halls of Venice—

"But here's my husband;  
And so much duty as my mother shew'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord."

—to the last fatal act in the unholy tragedy, no honest heart but beats in unflagging sympathy with the heart of Desdemona. From that first outpouring of love's sweet eloquence, which the less subtle heart of the judging Duke owns, but cannot fully comprehend, to the passionate sadness of her death-cry upon her last unhappy night, she is ever the type of saintliness upon earth—a pure and upright woman.

Not masterful in intellect to enact the judge, as did the commanding Portia; not intrepid in spirit to execute whatsoever design her daring brain may have conceived, as did the unhappy and despised Lady Macbeth; not in her youthful innocence yet untried, as was the trusting Juliet. It is her love that moves us, and her love alone. And such a love! changeless as the stars and boundless

as the universe; so be it her universe is one, and that one—Othello.

With the first rustle of her silken garments among the ruder sounds of the Court, at the first word from her young lips, she has stormed the citadel of man's purest and noblest emotions and wakened the sentinel of his honor to protect, if possible, this innocence from all unseemly scoff or mockery. She has come here to plead her own sweet cause, and, with the consummate daring of virtue, lays bare her heart to all who will behold. Here she forsakes home and kindred to follow the rude soldier life of the ungentle, but not uncomely Moor, and never once, through all unkindness, deceit, and treachery, do we find her turning, with longing, backward to the ease and luxury which were hers without him. Her young heart has elected him high priest in its holiest of holies. He is her priest and her enshrined saint, and, like a nun rapt in the light of her holy infatuation, she worships and believes.

Not so with Othello! Cunning in all things, and skilled in crime, the wily Iago knows that it is not upon the fair Venetian, but upon the Moor, he must practice to work his scheme of universal ruin—knows that the shallower stream of Othello's affection may be wrought to a mighty tempest by such transient winds as would blow like a summer breeze over the deep waters of Desdemona's love.

The small pebble thrown by Brabantio in the first heat of his fatherly resentment and anger, when he cries:

"Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;  
She has deceived her father, and may thee."

—this little pebble has wrought in the fountain of Othello's heart until, augmented by the weightier rocks of Iago's hurling, it has transformed the pure stream into a muddied pool of jealousy and distrust. Othello himself has become an intriguer and a spy, laying snares for the very virtue he fain would have preserved. Age has taught him suspicion, association with the world has given him distrust; he lives now in Iago, sees with Iago's eye, hears with Iago's ear; while she who lives in him—who hears and sees and holds her life in him—is made the object of suspicions cruel as were ever charged upon the constant wife of Joachim.

As for Desdemona, her very innocence betrays her. No guilty affection for Cassio has ever found rest in her heart, or her woman's wit would caution her to coin less frequently his name, to plead less openly his cause. She has never known other love than her consuming passion for Othello, and has no need to know. Had she worn upon her neck that safeguard from all sin, a baby's arms, the charm of her pure saintliness might have moved us less; but she has never felt the mystery of this deepest fountain in her woman's heart

save, perchance, through subtle intuitions of a joy she, alas! is never to realize. She knows and needs no more effectual amulet against unholiness than her love for right and for the jealous Moor. It is in her unquestioning faith of this love's return that she rests too fatally secure; and not until, in brutish anger, he strikes her upon the public streets of the town does she waken to her husband's change. Not until he heaps upon her his vile accusations do we find her crying, in the anguish of her outraged heart:

"Am I that name, Iago?"

*Iago.*—What name, fair lady?

*Des.*—Such as she says my lord did say I was."

O false-hearted, cynical, dastardly Iago! how the soul sickens that such a vile wretch shall enter in the sacred garden of Desdemona's heart—that he, like a foul reptile lurking among her choicest blossoms, shall so soon lay waste the Eden of this unsuspecting Eve. But so it is to be, and we shall never see the luckless wife again, save as an exile from that heart where, for so short a time, she found her Eden.

We hear her voice, pitifully sweet as was the low-lorn maiden Barbara's, singing, "Willow, willow." We catch the mournful cadence from among the hangings of her lonely couch. And hush! we hear the Moor—he has entered the chamber of his sacred trust—he is close upon her! Cry not out, O Desdemona! no human hand can save thee. Cling to him still, though his breath be poison and his arms are engines to destroy thee! Die, in the strength of thy great and holy love—and thy name shall be held sacred forever!

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

### TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY—WHICH?

**S**IDE by side, in one of my note-books, are two quotations, contradictory, yet, though the statement seems paradoxical, both true. The first runs as follows:

"Better it were to sit still by the sea  
Loving somebody and satisfied—  
Better it were to grow babes on the knee,  
To anchor you down for all your days,  
Than wander and wander in all these ways,  
Land forgotten and love denied,"

and the other:

"Better go on through life's journey unmated,  
Than find all too late love's choice was ill-fated;  
Better to sing all alone and unfettered,  
Than sigh o'er a life that might have been bettered;  
For, save in disgrace or the pain of dying,  
When the knot is once tied there can be no untying."

The latter is by a married woman; the source of the other is to me unknown, but I should not be surprised, in the contradictions of human na-

ture and its constant sigh for what it has not, if the writer were an unmarried man.

The matrimonial question seems to furnish a continual source of vexatious discussion for the average man. Very, very rarely can a newspaper be found which does not contain one or more flings at "manœuvring mammas," "husband-hunting damsels," "scraggy old maids," "wily widows," and last, but not least, the much-abused mothers-in-law. Then, too, every man seems to deem it his special duty to point out the proper sphere of action for Eve's descendants. "What Shall Women Do?" forms an ever-recurrent theme for essayist, lecturer, and preacher. Usually, the gentlemen wind up the whole subject by bidding her marry, and so fulfill her proper sphere as wife and mother. These ardently hymeneal writers usually manage to throw in sundry smart flings at the strong-minded creature who seeks to earn her own living in any other way than by teaching or the needle. Some of them, like Rev. Dr. Dix, would restrict women to Chinese seclusion, but, be their theories broad or narrow, they one and all make some allusion to the superfluous woman, and in some way or other insinuate pity for the poor, suffering portion of femininity for whom there remains no husband—who is doomed, to use a hackneyed quotation, to remain, "in maiden meditation, fancy free."

It is time this was changed. Be it remembered that for each woman in these United States there is a husband, if she so desire. The male population, by the census of 1880, exceeds the female by 888,298, so that whereas we have 25,520,582 men, there are only 24,632,284 women. Of the forty-seven States and Territories, including the District of Columbia, the men are in excess in thirty. The feminine excess is, of course, in the New England, Middle, and Southern States, though in Delaware and Vermont there are more men than women. (I wish these facts could be forcibly impressed on the masculine mind.) The War of the Rebellion destroyed the equality of sexual population, but now it is restored let the men keep silence. The day of bragging against and berating the superfluous woman is past. Now it is the turn of the superfluous man to go. His crowing has been long and loud, but it must stop, for the women hold the vantage ground.

Populatively considered, there is a chance for each woman to marry; but the women are not so anxious in this direction as the masculine *litterateurs* would have us suppose. Many of them do not feel called upon to take unto themselves one of the dudish youths of the day to love, cherish, obey, and support; for it is an acknowledged fact that there are women who have to support their husbands. In these days of men without trades or professions and with no definite occupation, a small, irregular, precarious income renders mar-

riage more than ever a lottery in which the woman is likely to draw a blank. Consequently, the prudent woman has grown wary of matrimonial baits, foreseeing the evil of the times and hiding herself.

But let it not be supposed that I would oppose matrimony. On the contrary, if an honest man loves you and you return that affection, be he poor or rich, happy for both of you, my sister, is the day on which he calls you wife. There can be no happier lot in life than a congenial marriage; it is only the hasty, ill-advised ventures which are to be condemned. These latter make work for the divorce courts, and to our shame be it that such judiciaries are pressed with business! One of the chief requisites of happy, married life is thorough acquaintance and congeniality on the part of the interested couple. Their dispositions, their tastes, may be as different as were those of that interesting gentleman of nursery rhymes, Jack Sprat, and his charming partner, and they yet be as happy as that worthy pair. Brief acquaintance and hasty marriage may sometimes be followed by happy connubial life, but such cases are only the traditional exception which prove the rule.

It is one of the strongest evils of our journalistic literature that such wide publicity is given to cases of elopement and runaway marriages. Usually, the young people in these latter cases, whom the reportorial pen present in a sort of heroic light, are injudicious and act prematurely. In a number of instances I have made note of such cases, and in five years' record, of forty-three runaway marriages, two of the men were found to already have living wives, thirty-one couples found severance of their ties in divorce courts, five were separated by death, and as the remaining five have not been publicly heard from we may charitably suppose they are living happily together. There is no necessity for pointing a moral to such appalling facts as these, which I publish as a warning to romantic girls. Honorable men do not endeavor to persuade girls to deceive their parents and betray the confidence reposed in them by elopements; nor do sensible parents withhold their consent from the worthy suitor who seeks their daughter's hand.

"Marriage is an honorable estate," but so is spinsterhood. There are a number of ancient flings at the latter state which might judiciously be retired on age. For instance: "It is a very solemn thing to get married," said Bessie's father to that blushing damsel. "But it is a great deal solemnner not to," piped the shrill voice of Bessie's old maid Aunt Jerusha." I copy this version from a newspaper of 1861; where the little yarn originally appeared I know not, but I still occasionally see it going the rounds in print.

All honor to the noble, unselfish wives and

mothers who have immolated self on the altar of family devotion, but equal honor to the single women who have sacrificed everything to family ties. What would many an honorable man be to-day had it not been for the older sister who supplied the place of the early lost mother? And now, perhaps, his children sneeringly call her a "queer old maid." I call to mind, as I write, two elderly women who, by laborious work in a mill, sent a young brother to school, gave him a medical education, and, on his graduation, paid his office rent in a good locality. When the young man had established a fairly lucrative practice he married the daughter of a rich patron, who despised the plain sisters who had polished their brother at the expense of their own culture. To-day the two women, too far advanced in years to do heavy mill-work, keep a little shop, while the wealthy physician whom they started in life allows his children to snub their "old maid aunts." Happily, such ingratitude is rare, but parallel instances of sisterly devotion are many. Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton are but public examples of what many single women have done in narrower spheres.

There is perhaps no subject so serious in its nature as marriage which is discussed with equal flippancy. Writers vie with each other in the silliness of their remarks. "Courtship is bliss, but marriage is blister," is a fair sample of the would-be wit. Not only are the writers of the day to blame, but society itself. The marriage of two young people has become an occasion for all sorts of meant-to-be-funny remarks, which, if truth must be told, are in many instances purely imbecile. Before the wedding the theme of conversation is what the bride will wear, how much her *trousseau* will cost, the prospective presents, etc. The custom of present-giving, now almost universally attached to a wedding, has outlived its usefulness. Originating in a pleasant desire to assist the young people in starting life, it has grown to be an unmitigated nuisance. The probable selections of the invited guests are discussed with all the barbarity of an Indian warrior counting the scalps of his enemies. Why does not Mrs. Grundy promulgate a decree declaring it *en regle* to inscribe *No Presents* on wedding invitations? And if she does long-suffering humanity will rise up and call her blessed. Let us have an end of this bidding for wedding presents and the vulgar exhibitions of gifts received. If we would restore the pristine sanctity of marriage we must strive for simplicity. A vulgar show, an idle, gaping crowd, do not tend to make serious a rite which properly possesses no element of the humorous. Have your pretty robe, my sister, gather relatives and dear friends around you on the eventful day, but omit the careless "five hundred." Let your thoughts be upon the vows you will take upon you rather than the pres-

ents you will receive and the crowd which will gaze at you.

Shall our girls marry? The question is useless. Marry the great majority of them will. Mother may persuade, father may warn, but blushing Jennie is sure she and her George will be happy, and, with due forbearance on the part of each, doubtless they will. The question of marriage is one which must be settled individually. The only rule which is perhaps universal in its application is that given in the marriage service—"Not to be entered into hastily or unadvisedly." To say when, at what age, or under what circumstances persons may marry is impossible. The only word I have to say to young women is this: Marry if you will, but let marriage come to you—never seek it. Have some definite means of earning a living, should necessity demand. It is well that every girl should thoroughly master some trade, profession, or science by which she may be self-supporting. The feeling of self-help—of independence, if you choose so to term it—generated by such knowledge, will make her all the more worthy of an honorable man's affection, all the more capable

of managing a household, while at the same time it relieves her from necessity for despicable husband-seeking efforts in order to secure a home and some one to support her. A settled occupation has saved many a woman from a loveless marriage and filled her life with a gladsome song instead of the "sigh o'er a life that might have been bettered."

And so I would leave this question of marriage to individual judgment. Only, my sister,

"Be wakeful, be vigilant; danger may be  
At an hour when all seemest securest to thee."

As Dr. Holmes has wittily said:

"Men and devils both contrive  
Traps for catching girls alive;  
Eve was duped and Helen kissed—  
How, oh! how can you resist?"

Cupid, they say, is blind, but O my sisters! when you do marry be sure to have your eyes open before the momentous day—

"For save in disgrace, or the pain of dying,  
When the knot is once tied there can be no untying."

MARY F. LATHROP.

## HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

### POULTRY-KEEPING.

ALTHOUGH a city residence offers more advantages to skilled labor, and especially in those industries that require some amount of art education, the country sisterhood will find themselves by no means left out in the competition for independence. On the contrary, there are advantages in space and a lack of close neighborhood, which the city dweller always lacks.

To care for the poultry is one of the "chores" that fall, by long-continued usage, to the "women folks" of the farmer's family; and two or three times a day wife or daughters will attend to the clamorous wants of the crowing, clucking, squawking flock, with very little thought of needs beyond mere feeding, but with an eager appropriation of the "egg-money," which should be double and treble what it really is, to their own personal needs.

There is a story to the effect that a pig, by careful culture and tender assiduity, was transformed into a handsome and agreeable pet; but it rarely occurs to the hard-worked farmer's wife that a regular amount of intelligent care bestowed upon her poultry-yard would prove a most profitable investment, besides paying for the "hired help," who could relieve her of the drudgery of her daily life and leave her time to attend properly to her feathered charges. With the space and run of an ordinary farm, the rich feasts of insects, orchard refuse, vegetables, etc., and a suitable protection against the cold, a good flock of poultry never fails to yield a handsome return to the owner.

As a general thing, however, where there is

most space there is least care; and this is the reason why some woman who manages a few fowls successfully will show better returns than others who seem to have every natural advantage for the business. It takes much space, many buildings, numerous assistants, and much time and thought to make a large egg farm yield of itself a handsome support; but there are many little homes scattered through the land where a moderate number of fowls thoroughly cared for will clothe at least one woman, if not in daily silk and satin, with as much of those luxurious commodities as the demands of a reasonable wardrobe call for.

She who yearns to clothe her mind rather than her body will find that fresh eggs hatch out very readily into the shape of books, and that a nice home library is not long in collecting by this method, while the study of an art or some coveted piece of furniture can as easily be obtained in the same way. Poultry-keeping is like writing—a very good cane, but not a staff to lean upon; it has, however, the advantage of allowing one to do the leaning upon something that is able to bear it. A school-teacher, or one engaged in literary pursuits, can attend at the same time to a respectable flock of poultry, with decided benefit to health as well as purse; and so with many other occupations. Chicken-tending is not like baby-tending, for when fowls are properly fed and watered and dusted, and provided with clean, well-ventilated houses, one's duties toward them are, so to speak, ended. They do not tumble down-stairs nor swallow pins, and a week-old chicken can take care of itself better than a year-old baby.

The best guide to poultry-keeping is experience;



if not of one's own, then of some one else's; and she who has done her duty faithfully to a dozen hens, and made them do theirs to her, is a safer oracle to consult than the manager of a pretentious establishment. As small a number of hens as from nine to fifteen has been known to yield a clear profit of fifty dollars; but had the number been increased five times it is doubtful if the profit would have increased in proportion. These favored biddies had the best of everything and all there was of it, and, although there are numerous warnings in the poultry-books against over-feeding, the fowls of one's ordinary acquaintance never seem to reach that point.

Manuals of poultry-keeping are sometimes discouraging to those who have heard of very successful individual experiences; and then again they build such veritable air-castles that there is no dependence to be placed on them. Generally, they deal too much in generalities; and an occasional note or two in an agricultural paper often throws more light on the subject. A poultry-book, for instance, will scarcely make the admission that fowls can be kept to any advantage in a very limited space; but experience proves that a dozen will thrive better on sixteen hundred square feet than twelve dozen will on twelve times the amount of land.

Any woman living in a village who desires to begin poultry-keeping must first consider two or three things. First, whether she has near neighbors who are likely to be troubled by her fowls or who are likely to trouble her about them; and secondly, whether it is a place where chickens mysteriously disappear during the night. To undertake it with either of these drawbacks would make life a burden to her. She must generally choose, too, between hens and a garden—unless she can keep them confined at the season of seed-planting and sprouting, and bear in mind their morbid appetite for ripe tomatoes and other esculents. All these difficulties surmounted, she can have the comfort of knowing that an area of about sixteen hundred square feet, with a suitable house attached, will enable her to begin her experiment. Should she be fortunate enough to have an unoccupied field adjoining her own land, she could extend her business if her success warranted it; but a moderate beginning is always the safest.

With regard to the house, one who tried such an experiment recommends a building only seven feet by seven, with a roof slanting ten degrees, built of hemlock boards, facing the south, and having windows, or "lights," on that side about six by three feet; plain board nests and ordinary perches and an inclosure of pine pickets.

The water for this dozen—a baker's dozen, by the way—was changed daily, and, in addition to wheat, a little corn, etc., they had all the refuse from the table, raw meat occasionally, and green stuff nearly every day. Such stimulants as red pepper and hot, boiled food were purposely avoided, even in the coldest weather of a cold winter. The house was cleaned almost daily—a task easily performed with a hoe in a few moments—the nests had flour of sulphur scattered about them every two or three weeks, and kerosene was poured into the cracks and supports of the perches about once a month. The entire care of these well-cared-for fowls did not take half an hour a day through the entire winter.

The yield of eggs was immense for so small a number of hens—ten, as there were three cocks—but the exact figures are not to be had. Perhaps they would scarcely be credited if they were. The largest daily number were laid from the middle of December to the first of February; so that the proprietor of these fowls could not well make the complaint of the man who declared that "when eggs were at the highest his hens always laid the least." Fresh eggs, at that season, are sold at the *Woman's Exchange* in New York for sixty and seventy-five cents a dozen. They are large, beautifully clear-looking, and put up nicely in paper boxes with compartments.

It is far less trouble and requires less outlay to raise a few fine fowls for prizes at fairs and poultry shows and for eggs that bring several dollars a dozen, than to undertake to buy and provide for two or three hundred of the common sort. Not that the latter attempt cannot be made entirely successful where there is sufficient land, but a large poultry-house, or what is better, several smaller ones, will be found expensive and the care considerable. The larger the flock the more liable it is to disease; while a few choice specimens are like "a little farm well tilled," the returns of which are seldom precarious. A careful study of the habits and needs of these valuable varieties will enable a person of ordinary intelligence to make their keeping very profitable.

There is one branch of poultry-keeping which, when successfully managed, is sure to bring an extra harvest, and this is the raising of spring chickens for the city market. The demand is said always to exceed the supply, and the epicure and the invalid alike look forward to the welcome sight of the first "broiler." Young chickens, as every one who has had dealings with them knows, are considerable trouble, and have an uncanny way of dying when it is least expected of them; rats, weasels, and skunks also love them well enough to eat them; but let them safely arrive at the respectable weight of one pound and they are articles of merchandise and a gold mine while they last to their fortunate owners.

All this requires a home and some ground of one's own; but the egg business alone is a very extensive one, and an enterprising woman in good health can engage in it without having any appliances for raising poultry. She can make a contract with city merchants to supply them with fresh eggs and then go about and collect the eggs from those who raise them. To do this she would, of course, require the use of a horse and vehicle of some kind; or, if she preferred it and could make arrangements with the farmers, the eggs might be conveyed to her. She could realize a good profit in disposing of them to the store-keepers, without the trouble of caring for the fowls.

The experience is related of a young woman who had been engaged in teaching, but whom duty now seemed to require to remain at home, where her assistance was much needed. Having bought a sewing-machine, to be paid for by installments, she employed her active mind in devising means for raising the money; and the plan she settled upon had the merit of being entirely original. It was to collect eggs for an egg-merchant on commission, and her outside friends received the announcement with great surprise and disapproval. But having obtained the home consent,

and also the use of the home horse and wagon on certain days of the week, our heroine started on her rounds with every confidence in her own success.

There was no difficulty in procuring eggs, as all who had them were quite ready to part with them; and the occupation was continued for about five months. Very often the eggs were paid for in groceries, which she bought at wholesale prices, and thus made a profit on both. At the end of the time mentioned, a friend asked how much was still due on the sewing-machine and received the smiling reply that *it had been paid for long ago*.

"Well," continued the friend, "how did you get out of your egg business? After all the losses

from cracked and bad ones, did you save yourself, or have you, as many said you would do, made money out of pocket?" The egg-collector replied, "I made, clear of expenses, about eighty dollars, and I have got besides a nice dinner-set of one hundred and six pieces. I am well satisfied, also. Had I stayed close at home and not exercised in the open air as I have, I should have been sick before this, I have not the least doubt."

Turkeys, ducks, and geese can all be raised, under certain conditions, as well as chickens, and are very profitable; but the first require an extensive "run," while the young ones are very delicate, and the last two must have a "water prospect," either pond or river, and cannot be persuaded to a tame existence on dry land.

## Religious Reading.

### TEACHING OUR CHILDREN TO LOVE THE LORD.

**T**HERE is no more delicate and lovely work than developing in the minds of the young a love for what is good and true, and presenting the Divine character to them as one altogether lovely. Very erroneous ideas prevail of what the love of the Lord is, and how it is to be exercised. It is important that these mistakes should be corrected. Love to the Lord does not consist in a personal affection for Him. There may be that kind of natural affection, which is nothing more than an animal instinct, without any genuine love. It is not a love excited by favors received, though they may be the means of arresting our attention and of recalling the Divine character to us. A genuine love for our children is not merely a love for their persons, without any reference to their characters. Our Lord has defined a genuine love for Him and the true signs of it in these words: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me, and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." To keep His commandments is to love Him, even though we may not have a clear idea of His person, because it is a love of the principles which constitute His character.

Let us consider a moment how this is. The commandments are the principles of the Divine life; they are the embodied character of the Lord. To love a law of the Divine order is to love Him who is the embodiment of it. When two persons love the same principles they love one another if they are the embodiments of those principles. To love another person does not consist in loving the outward form or manner. We may love others when the manner and person are not agreeable to us; we love the qualities of head and heart they possess. The most fatal mistakes are made in marriage from investing others with qualities which they do not possess. We idealize them, or they assume qualities which do not belong to them, for the purpose of winning affection or of accomplishing some selfish purpose. But the illu-

sion is sure to be dispelled by the intimate contacts of daily life. The qualities that have been loved are not to be found, and then the person is regarded with indifference, or, it may be, is loathed and despised. On the same principle we may think we love the Lord and desire to go to Heaven, when we are hostile to Him and Heaven would be to us a hell. Do we love purity, do we love mercy, do we love the truth, do we love our neighbor? are we in the effort to learn the commandments and to keep them? If we are, then we love the Lord, because we love the principles which constitute His character, because we love what He loves, because we love the order in which the Lord lives, and the methods according to which He works. This law of love, if understood, may prevent us from grievous errors, and be a great help and encouragement in teaching our children how to love the Lord. This love will assume the form of obedience, of a heavenly fear, of reverence for the truth, and loyalty to heavenly principles, and these virtues, as I have shown in former discourses, we should teach our children.

One of the most effectual ways of teaching our children to love the Lord is to lead them into the habit and love of being useful, because the Lord loves to be useful and is in the constant practice of being useful to them and to others. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." The minds of our children should be directed to the Lord as the living and constant source of all the means and conditions of happiness. The Lord is constantly working for them; He is unremitting in His efforts to be useful to them. It is necessary to call their attention to His fidelity to them in all the common things of life—things that are so common and so constant that we overlook the Lord's direct and specific agency in them. The Lord gives us light—cannot a little child be led to associate the Lord with the glorious light of day and the lovely light of the moon and stars? The Lord gives us warmth in the same way—cannot the mother, in whose heart there is any love to the Lord lead her little child by means of it to Him? In the same way their food and clothing and every material object which contributes to their comfort

and sustenance can be adduced as examples of how kindly and patiently and lovingly the Lord is working for them. Even those things that are uncomfortable and disappointing, as a rainy day, a sharp cold, or intense heat, can be shown by the wise parent to be a form of His love. All the little daily occurrences can be utilized to demonstrate the loving kindness of the Lord, and His constant efforts to make us comfortable and happy. These fine threads of influence can be woven into the web of a child's life, and by means of them the Lord can draw their tender affections toward Himself and bind them to the mighty and stable forces of the Divine order. The little children can be brought to the Lord, and He will take them up in His arms, lay His hands upon them, and bless them.

One of the great difficulties in leading our children to the Lord by these common and orderly means is the false ideas which almost universally prevail about the Lord's relation to the material universe. It is generally supposed by those who have any thought or belief upon the subject that He created the universe by merely speaking a word, stored up in it sufficient power to keep it in motion, and then rested. He put forth one mighty effort, and then ceased to work. He sat and looked on, only interposing when the machinery was out of order. According to common opinion, everything now acts from some inherent power stored up in it. The seed grows, the plant blossoms, the tree bears fruit after its kind, the sun shines, and the whole creation moves in its appointed order, like a clock, from forces stored up within it; that the material universe contains within itself the promise and potency of all its movements, changes, and effects. According to this idea the Lord's agency in the creation is removed to the inconceivable distance of the time when it was first launched into existence. The only man He ever created, in the true sense of the word, was the first man; the only plants and animals, were the first plants and animals. We talk about what the Lord did once, and have no idea of what He is doing now.

This is an entire misconception of the real truth. The Lord is constantly creating. The universe is constantly cast from His hand. Every day is a new day. The sun is a new creation every morning. Suppose we had always lived by the light of the stars and the moon, and it was announced that on the morrow the Lord would create a sun so bright and glorious that the moon would grow pale and the stars would be obscured by the excess of light and that all the forms of the earth would be revealed in distinct and clear outline

and varied beauty, what an intense interest such an announcement would excite! With what glad expectation and awe we should watch the growing dawn in the east whose foresplendors announced his coming! And when his broad disk rose above the hills, and the earth was flooded with his glory, no words can express the surprise, the wonder, the joy, the intense delight which would fill and move to ecstasy every heart. See what the Lord has created. What a glorious, precious gift to man! He enlarges our freedom, He reveals the beauty and grandeur of the earth, He looks to our comfort and happiness.

The Lord does this every morning and every moment. The universe is the constant work of His hands. If we could see this, and help our children to see it, there would not be so much difficulty in leading them to think of the Lord as their infinite Friend, constantly working for them, constantly serving them and ministering to their wants and their joy. The Lord finds His happiness, His infinite delight, in being useful to us. With such an example, and with such constant reminders of His love and wisdom, it would not be difficult to awaken in their hearts a noble love of being useful to others, and, in their little way, of helping Him in His work of blessing men. Everything they possess is His gift. Why should they not pass to others some of the treasures which they receive in rich abundance? Co-operating with the Lord, standing with Him in the line of His activities, and becoming the almoners of His bounty, is helping Him to carry His purposes into effect. Do you ever think of that? Is it not a lovely lesson to teach your children when you lie down and when you rise up? Is it not a lovely lesson to teach your children to walk in His bright and peaceful way?

REV. CHAUNCEY GILES.

### HEART HUNGER.

GIVE us to-day, our Father, daily bread;  
And grant, O God! that not alone be fed  
Our perishable bodies, but supply  
The cravings of our inner life; we cry  
With thirst all faint and hunger sore oppressed,  
For bread of life, for living water, rest—  
Rest from the tumult that will not be still,  
Food for the weakness of our heart and will,  
Drink for the burning, parching thirst of soul,  
That all the streams of earth may not control.  
We breathe the prayer our Master's lips have said,  
Give us to-day, our Father, daily bread.

S. J. JONES.

## The Home Circle.

### IS IT TRUE?

"I TELL you the world is full of evil, and it grows stronger every day. I question whether the right can ever triumph."

The words were spoken in tones of deep conviction, and I felt the burden of sorrow and discouragement lying back of them as I glanced into the face of the speaker and saw the deeply marked

lines of care, the infinite pathos and weariness which so often show in the face of those who are fighting life's battles without that blessed daily communion with God, that nearness to the Father-spirit which brings rest and peace to even the saddest life. It was the face of a stranger riding quietly past the house, so engaged in conversation with the gentleman sitting by him in the carriage that probably he did not see me as I, just at that

moment, stepped to the door for my "morning draught" of fresh air and sunshine, yet the slow spoken words came distinctly to me, and for a little minute they seemed almost to put out the sunshine. Thank God, it was only for a moment. I looked out over the fields and beautiful hills, clothed once again in tender green, with flowers lifting glad faces skyward everywhere and birds singing soft and low just as they did last year, and everything said to me, "It is not true." I knew it was not, though if you ask me how I know so surely I may only be able to give you the "woman's reason"—because. Yet it was not that the morning was beautiful. Sudden clouds might arise and hide the sunshine, the hot blasts of south wind sweeping down from unnumbered miles of prairie land might wither the grass and flowers and make the very birds forget to sing. But shall I doubt that He who made the world will not care for His own? "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever," and has He not assured us that right is mightiest of all, and will prevail? Thinking of this, of Him who holds us "in the hollow of His hand," I turned back to my work undismayed. But the words of the stranger haunted me through all the sunny morning, and when I took up the daily paper they seemed to find confirmation in every column. What a long, long list of crime and misery and suffering! I shuddered as I passed it by unread, and, laying the paper wearily aside, closed my eyes to think and rest.

Did I dream, or whence came the blessed vision? A beautiful pathway opened before me, and I looked down the bright vista of one day—one busy day in the homes of the people. What a revelation it was! How the good outshone the evil! For every evil deed I saw double the number of good deeds; for every false life, with its glaring record of crime and sorrow, a true life waited just beyond, and over all the boundless blue of heavenly love the shining of that Light which is neither of land nor sea. No pen could paint it—no tongue could tell it in its fullness and beauty.

Ah! the heroism of the men and women living in life's shady places, the beautiful acts of devotion and pity, the patience and courage with which they—the kind and true—live and work from day to day. How would it be if all this could be written out and stand side by side with the record of evil as every day's paper gives it? Would any one say then evil is stronger than good?

Evil is noisy, but good is silent. Evil has many tongues—it flies from place to place unhindered; how seldom is it when neighbor meets neighbor but, ere they part, some tale of evil, some flying rumor to the detriment of another is told, "rolled like a sweet morsel under the tongue," and then sent on its way, growing darker and darker until, seeing it, feeling the chill shadow coming between us and the sunshine, we mistake its size and blackness for strength and say, with the passing stranger, "The world is full of evil and it grows stronger every day." All the time good stays quietly at home and works on, and because of its very quietness it is underrated by those who do not look deeper into the workings of society.

Think of the millions of homes in our land alone; of the unnumbered acts of love done in

only one day; of the patience and fidelity with which fathers and mothers are seeking to train the little ones intrusted to their care to truth and honor; of the tears shed for the sorrowing, the prayers uttered in fervent hope and piety for those whose feet are turning into dangerous places; of the strong hands reaching out helpfully to all around them, the love and sympathy given, the hope and courage inspired. Think of the noble ones of whom the great world takes no cognizance, and yet they go their steadfast way onward and upward and draw others after them as truly as the sunbeam draws to itself all beauty and fragrance, and all without noise or bustle. Like hidden violets, their lives send sweet incense out, and the world grows stronger and better because of them. What matters it that the worker be quiet and unseen? the work has its meaning and its mighty influence. Do you remember Longfellow says, in his own true, beautiful way:

"Where'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Where'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.  
The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares."

And shall evil triumph? Ah, no! no! The day will yet come when right makes might, and "as the heavens are high above the earth," so shall the good be above the evil.

Despite the dark forebodings of pessimists, we of simple faiths know the good God lives and rules to-day as surely as in the old days. Little by little the world moves to "higher levels," guided and upheld by His almighty hand, strengthened and comforted by His unchanging love, and come what may we are not afraid. EARNEST.

### THE PLEASANTEST ROOM.

SHE was one of the "Shut-in Society," hardly crossing the threshold for months, and yet, in spite of intense pain and great bodily weakness, always cheerful and interested in what was going on in the great world outside.

Of herself and her ailments she spoke as little as possible, but her interest was all alive for the welfare of those around her. The whole household gathered, in the long evenings, and as much as possible during the day, in "Mary's room." Loving hands brought in the fairest flowers, and all that loving hearts could do to brighten the weariness of an invalid's life was done most gladly.

I think no one in the community had a better idea of the work being done and the work needed than she—and there were willing and ready workers in our little village—and in her room many benevolent plans were laid that blossomed into loving, noble deeds in the world outside. I do not think any one ever visited her without having a truer idea of what life and strength are given us for and the nobleness of rightly using them.

One day a friend went to see her. She was in great pain, an abscess in her side making every breath almost a torture, and yet it was only after



persistent questioning that her friend found out what she was suffering.

"Let us not talk about that," she said. "Tell me all about yourself and your work, so that I can have something new to think of to-night, if the pain will not let me sleep. I want you to tell me all the nice things you know."

"Yes; but tell me first how you manage to keep so cheerful yourself? Your room is always the pleasantest one I know, because its mistress is always bright and cheery."

"Ah! well; I suppose I must try to tell you, but I am afraid you will not think so highly of my brightness afterward."

"You see they are all so kind to me that I must be a little glad if I have a bit of a grateful heart, and then it will be only a little while. It can be only a few years before we are all where there is no more pain, you know. And then, dear friend, I am so selfish I can't bear to think that my room is not the pleasantest in the house to all the family."

"They all are busy, you know, for much of the time, and yet you cannot guess how many times a day they look in to see if they can do anything for me, to shake up my pillows, and give me a loving word. I do think I can help them a little, in spite of my uselessness. I should only drive them away with fretful words and tones; so from very selfishness I must keep cheerful. They tell me all their secrets; and very sweet ones they are, sometimes, to think about in the long nights, when the pain gets too bad, you know, and without pleasant thoughts I could not bear the lonely, darksome hours that drag along so slowly. You see, I am dreadfully selfish, my dear. I can't give up wanting to be a little good in the world, and not all a burden. When Jennie gets home from school and takes her kitty in her lap, she sits by my bed to rock it and tells me all her school pleasures. Then when mother sits down to her knitting and father to his paper, they never think of going anywhere but to my room; and I feel so glad and happy that they love me so in spite of my helplessness, that I can't be very cross, don't you see? Now tell me all you have been doing and how you all get along outside my four walls."

When her friend left her an hour later she mused long on the new variety of selfishness shown to her that day, and wished that all the world might cultivate it. And truly, if we would make ourselves, as well as others, happy, it must be by a cheerful doing of the little duties that fall to our lot and by making the most of the sunshine that comes to us. Let us walk in the light.

L. M. B.

### HOUSEHOLD SECRETS.

"WHERE do you keep the towel?" said Rube this morning, as he stood with both hands adrip, looking at the peg on the door with never a towel hanging on it.

"Oh! it was the handiest thing when I spilled that starch, and I took it and did not replace it with another," was the reply. "But you know where the Potts family have kept the towels ever since they began housekeeping, more than fifty years ago—drawer below the little one, right-hand corner."

He was gone a good while. We hailed. The answer was:

"I am just smelling this bureau drawer. I can shut my eyes and see such visions of roses—wild roses on the hill-sides and in the swampy places; tangles of roses in the old graveyard; roses by the garden wall; roses in Aunt Patty's big old rambling garden, ready to be given away by the armful all through June; roses beside the gate at grandpapa's, and roses that the children used to bring to school and stick up on their desks. Was there ever anything so nice?"

And the man buried his face in the cool linen towel and took free sniffs and long ones with all the delight of a little child.

This gave us pleasure, and it was so easily obtained—a pleasure that did not vanish with the going of the summer-time roses, but lasted the same for months and for years.

The delightful fragrance was imprisoned and remained.

How many women will be glad to know this way of keeping the sweetness of roses about them all the year?

Well, take rose-leaves—the more the better—and with an iron mortar and pestle, like apothecaries use, pound and mash them until they are of the consistency of putty or paste. The mixture will turn brown and look uninviting, but the good is all there. Now the woman who told us this made her rose-paste into beads, thus: Take a thimble and press it full of the paste—this admits of uniformity of size; take it out of the thimble and roll it between your hands until it is a firm round little marble, then give it a little roll one way, which will make it a little bit long. Then have a paper of pins near you, and stick a pin lengthwise through the bead, just far enough through so that you can stick the point of the pin into a cushion or the edge of something. About fifty of these will make a single string of beads; one hundred will be enough for a double string. Give them plenty of time to dry and then string them. They will not be much larger than the berries of dogwood (*cornus masculata*).

But if you do not care for the strung beads, put the thimbleful in little thin cakes and dry them on plates, in the wind or sunshine, and when you put them into drawers or boxes or trunks, keep them in small netting bags. They will be as fragrant in the years to come as at first.

Now, if you cannot accumulate rose-leaves very fast you can let the leaves wilt or partially dry, and save them until you have a quantity on hand; or, a better way we have found is to make the paste and let it stand until you are ready to make more. It will grow quite black, but "the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

We never experimented—some other woman may do that—but we have often thought that other fragrant flowers or leaves, such as do not lose their perfume when crushed, would be very nice to make up the same way and for the same purpose. Any ingenious girl can find a substitute for the iron mortar and pestle, as such things are not common in the equipments of a household, though they are of great service and would be called into frequent use if they were at hand.

We experimented one day lately in another direction. We had some green apples, of the hardy kind that will keep till the first of June,

and of these we wanted to make something new and good. As our old cousin from Kentucky used to say, when making good things linger—last their very longest—"make 'em go the fardest."

We took a gallon crock full of prepared quarters of the green apples, and steamed them until they were soft, then put them into the preserving porcelain-lined kettle, which is as large as our old grandmother's dinner pots used to be. Then we put in a can of peaches, a can of quinces, three pounds of sugar, a large coffee cup of good, pure cider vinegar, and a handful of stick cinnamon, and cooked it gently, stirring all the time until the jam was the right consistency and done enough to keep well when put into glasses and bowls.

We had often made jam and marmalade before, something like this, but the can of quinces favored the conserve by making it of firmer consistency.

We mean to keep on trying until we invent something.

Last winter when we could not trust the merino vests in any other washerwoman's hands but our own for fear of the shrinkage, we planned and planned and contrived, and after we had exhausted our ingenuity we gave our brothers the results of our disturbed and wakeful nights, with hints of how the plans could be successfully perfected.

They drew their brows and cut their nails, and looked up at the wall-paper meditatively and shook their heads.

We could have shaken them! We even offered them half the profits when "the thing" was patented, if they would think harder and help us. We said all the women are complaining of merino underwear shrinking in spite of water of the same temperature, speedy work, drying in haste, shaking and stretching, buying a cheaper quality, getting a size too large, and rinsing in suds instead of the clear water.

Anybody may have the benefits of our investigations and fruitless contriving. We said, how would it be to slip the vest-body, while warm from the clean suds, upon a wooden something that would prevent its shrinking, giving the right slope and set about the neck and shoulders; and then the arms—well, they might be thin boards of the right width and length, and, we thought, could be secured to the body by hinge, hook, clasp, or some sort of fastening, so they would extend out from the body.

Any man or woman who could make such droll scarecrows as we once saw in the corn-fields in Wendell, Mass., could invent this really needful want of the times.

Stocking-boards, on which to dry hose, are quite common, and were one of the wants of the present day. We are in earnest. In the summer days let some woman set her wits to work and supply this need. To such we will send a beautiful motto in red, white, and blue, with a border wrought in purple of pansies and forget-me-nots, around the motto of "Remember me."

Next week we begin our play spell. For fun and recreation, and for the good that may come of it, we two are going to paint the woodwork in the kitchen. It is dark, in imitation of walnut, and we want it light and cheerful, and something that will betray the housekeeper if she is not doing her whole duty.

Then we will repaint all the old chairs, repair

with glue, brighten up the wood-box, sink, kitchen tables, and the common things that daily use makes very familiar and not very nice to look at. Then for picking up work we will fix bed-clothes. Old worsted dresses do make such pretty comfortables, so light and soft and yielding that we will enjoy making them. There is nothing that speaks so well of good housewifery as the bedding. The new, fresh comforts should never be used for common; should not be laid on the lounge or sofa or on the floor in any case. There are always old ones that have been in use, or are dim and dingy and ugly, which should be taken instead. We want to make one comfortable of snow-white Canton flannel, knotted with pale-blue zephyr, just for the preacher and the grandparents and dearest old people to sleep under. We saw one once so dainty that we could not resist touching it to our face as we would touch the curls of a golden haired darling. It had been in use five years, and when taken off the bed betwixtimes it was folded and slipped into a receptacle made out of an old sheet which had been saved up for that purpose.

Anear us lies a little blue chambray child's dress, nearly finished, not made after any modern style, but oh! so sweet that we must tell the mothers how it is made! Simply a Gabrielle—you all remember—the skirt slashed up about three-fourths of the way in five places, and in these gores are inserted and they are trimmed across with narrow ruffles. The fashion is plain and very pretty, and the dress does up charmingly, and the little wearer of it will look "sweet as a doll" every time you put it on her. There is nothing intricate about it, and it is so cute and dressy, too. Chambray and like goods are cool and pretty for summer wear.

But we hope no mother who reads this will so far forget the happiness of her child that she will forbid the exquisite delights of mud-pies, soap bubbles, squirt guns, sand heaps, mill-dams, dressing up funny, and going to the seashore and the mountains, visiting imaginary expositions and fairs, or any of those things which belong to the first ten years of childhood. Let the fine dresses and the daintily ironed summer wear be secondary.

A young woman said before her mother lately, in our presence, and the look she gave her was full of remuneration: "When I was a little girl at school, if I forgot when I was busy making mud-pies, and wiped my hands on my white bib apron, I knew my mother wouldn't scold me for it."

How different this case from another, who said of her dead mother—"No, I never knew any of the delights and pleasures of a free childhood. When I was a baby I was placed prim and straight in a box where I would not soil my clothes, and when older, even up to eight years of age, when I was freshly dressed I was tied fast in a chair with quick, impetuous hands, while a fretful face scowled above me with a satisfactory growl—"Now we'll see if you'll get your good clothes dirty, tomboy. I'm not a going to bend over the wash-tub for nothing!"

PISSEY POTTS.

It is doing some service to humanity to amuse innocently; and they know very little of society who think we can bear to be always employed either in duties or meditations without any relaxation.

# "THE SHUT-IN SOCIETY."

"Shut in with a trio of angels sweet,  
Patience and Grace, all pain to meet,  
With Faith that can suffer and stand and wait  
And lean on the promises strong and great."

DEAR ONES OF THE HOME CIRCLE:—I should like to tell you something about another "Home Circle" whose members are invalids, many of them being shut away entirely from all the brightness and beauty, the business and pleasures, of life. I will give you the brief statement below as it is published every month in our little paper, *The Shut-In Visitor*, which comes to us invalids like a breath of sweet, out-of-door air, bringing sunshine and friendly greetings from the dear associates as well as from the sick ones; also the names of new members and suggestions and messages of love. Those who are not acquainted with the "Shut-in Society" can scarcely realize how large a membership we have or how strong and binding are the feelings which hold us together. I think we number over a thousand, not including our associates; forming our acquaintances with each other by the interchange of letters passing all over our land—from every State in the Union, from England and Canada, our little telephone letter-lines are passing to and fro. There is no sick one so hidden away, in home or hospital, but our sweet messages of love and tender sympathy find them out, and into many a darkened and sorrowful heart, many a home of anguish and untold suffering, this blessed friendship of other weary and suffering hearts has come like sunshine from Heaven.

Thus we are forming congenial and lasting friendships with each other, which not only comfort and cheer us while we live, but which will endure throughout our lives in that better home where we shall never know sickness or sorrow. Many of our members have been shut in for years, lonely and sad, perhaps, known only by a few loving and tender friends, but who are now known and loved by hundreds and whose names and wants are repeated in prayer by every member of our band at every twilight hour.

You can all understand how sweet and soothing this tender remembrance of each other must be to every sick and weary one. Every letter which finds its way into the sick-room brings a new cause of thanksgiving and praise to Him who has so graciously blessed our feeble efforts and caused us to grow into such a strong and helpful society, whose sweet and pleasant influence is quietly extending over the world, giving and receiving only good.

And these letters—such bright, cheerful, interesting ones, as we only know of who have the real pleasure of their contents—are fragrant with the patience, faith, trust, and love of the dear hearts made almost perfect through suffering. And why? Because these hearts sit hourly at the feet of Him who has promised "I will be with you even unto death." Many rare and precious jewels are thus being polished in the seclusion of darkened rooms, from which, like a sweet incense, comes out into the noisy, busy world hopes, longings, bright anticipations, and happy dreams, all laid aside for the martyr's crown of suffering and pain. Oh! how many can say, "Patience and I have traveled hand in hand so many days that I have learned to trace

the lines of sad, sweet beauty on her face and all its silent depths to understand."

There is many a life-story of sorrow and trial made quite joyous and peaceful by the indwelling faith, the effects of a religion which looks up and smiles even when the hand of pain is heavy upon them. I presume every reader of ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE has heard or read of Chloe Lanktow, one of God's dear saints. Miss Chloe lives in a little brown house up among the hills in New Hartford. Year after year, until they have numbered more than fifty, has she lived and suffered and been joyful, patient, and trusting in her humble home; and this is what dear Miss Chloe says: "Some of my happiest hours have been when they come and talk with me of Christ. My mind would be carried above all my sorrows and trials; I have lived to carry my father and mother through and am left all alone. Life is sweet to me; still I love to think of the blessed rest which I hope will be mine. What a happy change—to go away from constant pain to perfect joy and happiness. When I get to Heaven I shall not regret that I have gone through all these trials and sufferings; I am willing to leave all in the hands of my Heavenly Father; I can trust Him for what is to come. I am so thankful that I can see the providence of God in all His dealings with me; for if I did not see it so how could I have borne it all?"

And such is the heart-language of many of our precious shut-in ones. Miss Chloe is one of our honored members, and I am sure each letter, as she sends out from her sick-room only, carries a sweet and precious benediction to the recipient. "We see her weary with the burden of her suffering life, yet loving and joyful, patient and trusting—the path for her feet often darkened by the clouds that gather round her, but her face brightening in the rays of the light that glows beyond."

There are many who, like dear Miss Chloe, have been made so happy by loving letters, pretty cards, books, and leaflets, which are scattered among the members of our society freely and gladly. You can all fancy how much good a tender, loving, heartfelt letter does one shut in as we are. Surely the Lord has found a ray of sunshine for His suffering ones.

## "THE SHUT-IN SOCIETY."

"The Shut-In Society," originated among the contributors of the *Advocate and Garden*, a semi-monthly paper issued by the American Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless, of New York city. It has been in existence since January, 1877. To Mrs. Jennie M. D. Conklin, then Miss Jennie M. Drinkwater, of New Vernon, N. J., belongs the honor of originating the Society and giving it a name. The objects of the Association are as follows:

"1st. To relieve the weariness of the sick-room by sending and receiving letters and other tokens of remembrance.

"2d. To testify of the love and presence of Christ in the hours of suffering and privation.

"3d. To pray for one another at set times—daily, at twilight hour, and weekly, on Tuesday morning at ten o'clock.

"4th. To stimulate faith, hope, patience, and courage in fellow-sufferers by the study and presentation of Bible promises.

"To be a sufferer, shut in from the outside

world, constitutes one a proper candidate for membership in this Society; and the only expense incurred in becoming a member is the price of the monthly paper published by it, *The Shut-In Visitor*, which is fifty cents yearly.

"The associate members are not themselves invalids, but being in tender sympathy with the suffering, have volunteered in this ministry of love for Jesus' sake. The associate fee is one dollar, one-half of which is designed to furnish the paper to the destitute. Payments may be made by postal notes, payable at Palmyra, N. Y., or, where this is inconvenient, two cent postage stamps will be taken.

"*The Shut-In Visitor* is edited by one of the associate members, to whom all inquiries concerning the Society should be addressed. Though the special organ of 'The Shut-In Society,' its list will not be limited to the members and associates, but any others are cordially invited to subscribe. Address, Mrs. Kate Sumner Burr, Walworth, N. Y."

ANNIE S. BARTLETT.

### WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

DEAR SISTERS OF THE "HOME CIRCLE."—How many hearts are cheered and strengthened by the coming of "our HOME MAGAZINE." It has so many suggestions for the tired, weary ones; so many encouraging words for the burden bearers, and hints for the careless, easy-going souls of this world.

Part of a letter from a dear friend reads: "I have come to the conclusion that I am a total failure. I can't do housework; I can't sew; I have not a proper love for social life that leads me to respond to its duties. I have no literary genius nor musical talent; and if it were not that the darkest day is brightened for my rosy-cheeked girls and one little man if mamma is only with them, and that my husband says his home is just the happiest place on earth to him, I should be completely and entirely discouraged."

And so it is that the love of home and home duties gives the keynote to happiness, if it is only touched with the fingers of patience, perseverance, and love.

We are apt to measure our lives by those around us. We see others who seem to accomplish so much. They are ever ready, ever willing, always doing, and never seem weary, never ill, never discouraged—first in home work, first in church and social work. Let us thank God for these oaks of the earth; but also let us remember that the vine has equally as important a mission to cling, protect, cheer, please, and, by its example, teach us patience in climbing over the rough, rocky byways of life.

SISTER EMILY.

### "FOND RECOLLECTION."

I HAVE spent an evening most pleasantly in cutting the leaves of a fresh HOME MAGAZINE and devouring its contents—from the expressive frontispiece to the publishers' department. The MAGAZINE is not only a satisfaction in itself, but its presence is a reminder of the scenes and faces associated with the reception of it in past years and months.

It was my magazine when I was one of a large

household in the home of an editor; but I was not the only one who derived benefit from it. The editor was sure to find matter in it adapted to the home department of his paper—and for which, I am glad to say, he was careful to give proper credit. The wife of the editor, too, enjoyed the MAGAZINE, and the young daughter was never forbidden to read its safe stories, which she preferred to those of any of the many periodicals which were naturally within her reach.

No, it was not an easy matter to preserve my numbers for the annual binding, and once or twice I was obliged to duplicate an issue.

Later, I returned to my childhood home, and here my mother enjoyed with me my magazine. From its pages she read aloud to me—for my mother is so unselfish that she cannot even enjoy her reading without sharing it.

But this first dear home was far away in Maine, and now I call it home here in California. Yet I am not so far away from the past dear associates and once familiar scenes as the space would seem to indicate, for memory is ever ready to recall any face or event of other days; letters and tokens of affection may travel even across the continent, and hope points to a reunion either here or hereafter.

F. E. S.

### THE REAL FOLKS OF FICTION.

TODAY I have been thinking of some of the "real folks" that we meet in works of fiction.

We began to know some of these folk as soon as we knew any one, and I am quite certain that if we will look back at our Mother Goose days we shall find that Little Boy Blue, the good King Arthur who stole the barley-meal, the blind men who went to see two cripples run a race, etc., were quite as real folks to us then as many persons around us. But we, after a long time, outgrew such folks.

How sad it is to outgrow friends or have them outgrow us—friends who stood with us once in the olden days of merry youth. But the years brought changes, and now our thoughts are so different when we once more come together, and we find we are as widely separated as are the continents, for as they are connected only by the humanity in each, so are we connected only in the same manner. But, as I said, we outgrew Little Boy Blue and his friends, and grew to love fairy stories; and a little later Hawthorne's wonder stories made us familiar with some of the mythologies of ancient countries. Then came Irving's stories, and Ichabod Crane and Rip Van Winkle were two of the most real folks in all the world to us.

They were crowded out by no less a personage than Topsy, whose elfin face peered ever into ours, asking the question appealingly which her lips answered so boldly—"Spect I growed?" and near to hers was Uncle Tom's patient, kindly face, looking so earnestly into the future of his suffering race, and beside him was Eva, with the light of love in her pure eyes. And a little later came our first knowledge of Dickens; we read *Nicholas Nickleby* and—did you ever know more real folks than those were! Squeers—what angry thoughts cluster around that name! How our youthful blood boiled with indignation at the horrors of that den, Dotheboys Hall. And Smike—poor, trembling Smike, whose life was enshrouded in gloom and



sadness—Smike, whose sad history taught us that indeed the sin of the father is visited upon the child.

Later came other works of Dickens, and we learned to know Scrooge and Tiny Tim; Dot, with her cheerful, sparkling ways; the Carrier, with his ponderous wit but loving gentleness; Tilly Slowboy, with her propensities for getting both herself and the baby into dire troubles; and does it not seem almost as if the cricket on the hearth were one of the merry group, too, and that his trusting voice spoke gentle words to us, too, as well as to the lonely man who sat by that hearth all the long, lonely night in sorrow and distrust; and the chiming of the bells—are they not real sounds in the lives of those real people into whose little round of living came these tones?

And one after another came many a face from Dickens. Little Nell, patient and loving, guiding the worn, tired grandfather; Quilp, the horrible dwarf, from whom we always shrink; Steerforth, whose bright, handsome face always made us feel that he could not have been quite so much to blame as we first thought him; Emily, with whose memory comes thoughts of wild, stormy nights and a life tired of its many burdens; Barkis, whom we always remember as being "willin'"; the girl-wife, whose early death made us forget her many shortcomings and remember only that she was a loving little wife; Dan Peggotty, with his sad eyes looking their last on the world in which he had found so much trouble. Oh! they are all real.

ALURA COLLINS.

### THE LITTLE MISSION BAND.

"SO you are going out to your little missionary Society, are you, Fanny? I am very glad you take so much interest as to go out this snowy day."

"Oh! we wouldn't miss an afternoon for anything, Miss Lydia; we all have our mite-boxes, too—just see how heavy mine is." And she passed it over, expectantly.

Miss Lydia took the hint and dropped in a coin.

"How much was it?" asked Fanny, eagerly; "I want to keep a strict account; for I have more than any one else, so far, unless it is that Lily Weimer. She is always telling that she is ahead of all of us. She just begs and begs of every one she sees."

"I hope she does it out of pure love for missions, and not out of self-love," said Miss Lydia, seriously.

"Well, she doesn't," said Fanny, with spirit—"she just does it to get ahead, and I mean to beat her, if I put in every cent of my allowance and get Uncle Charley to help me, too, when he comes."

The little girl was growing excited, so Miss Lydia turned the subject to the more pleasing one of the Society's work.

"Oh! we have just lovely times. We do all sorts of fancy work. I have learned to make lots of new things—I mean to make up some for my room, and for the parlor, too."

"What will the Society do with the things?"

"Oh! have a fair, I suppose. People always do. We talk of having a Japanese table and I rather think I shall get up a Japanese costume and have a place at that to sell things; or I may take a Swiss peasant costume. That's prettier, and I think I should look best in it. But the Japanese is awful funny."

"What are you learning about the poor heathen and their needs in your Society?"

"The heathen?" she asked, inquiringly, then, brightening up—"Oh! I know what you mean—reading missionary pieces. We did talk about that once, but then we hadn't time; for we had to practice charades after we were through, and then we played some; and Miss Dayton thought likely the girls would not take much interest in it anyway, so we didn't bother."

"It seems to me it's a kind of sewing and playing school, rather than a missionary meeting."

"So mother thinks, but it's awful nice."

"What are you going to do with the money in your boxes?"

"We think some of buying ice-cream and strawberries and having a nice festival in the summer; but some wish to get up an entertainment and have tableaux and such things in the hall. But the costumes would cost a good deal, even if we hired them, and some think a festival would be the best way. But I have to go now, Miss Lydia. I forgot to say I was very much obliged for the dime you put in my box. I do hope I shall get it full before spring. Miss Dayton says she is so glad we all love mission work so well. Good-bye, Miss Lydia." And the self-denying little missionary worker tripped off gayly to compare mite-boxes with two other little girls who had called for her.

OLIVE.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### A STORY FOR RUTHIE.

AND who is she? A little girl who lives away off in Michigan and is confined to her room with a serious illness. But the "Boys and Girls' Treasury," in the HOME MAGAZINE, brings cheer and brightness to her, as it does to many another, and this story is for her and for you too.

"Mattie, I want you to go over to Mrs. Brown's and invite her to the quilting next Thursday," said Mrs. Barnett, early one bright June morning,

as her little daughter of eight years came in after feeding the chickens and helping her brother to turn the calves from the corral to the grazing grounds.

It was away out in Kansas, hundreds of miles beyond the great Mississippi, and, although much of the country was a wilderness, it was not grown over with massive trees and thick underbrush, with clinging vines and tangled briars, where bears and wolves might find a hiding-place; but it was like a great green meadow, reaching every-

where, crossed by clear, cool streams, with settlers' cabins scattered here and there, from two to five miles apart, and deep, well-worn paths leading from one ranch (or farm) to another.

Mr. Brown's house was almost three miles distant, with no other house on the way; but Mattie scrubbed her rosy face with ice-cold water from the spring, until it looked as fresh and fair as the bright pink flowers that blossomed all along the way, put on a clean calico apron, tied on her best sunbonnet, and started upon her errand.

It seems like a long walk for a little girl like her, but Mattie didn't mind it at all. It was so nice and pleasant out upon the prairie, with the cool morning breeze fanning her fair young face, and wafting sweet odors from the pinks and roses that bordered the path and spangled the prairie as far as her sharp little eyes could see.

Great flocks of cranes and wild geese went sailing through the blue sky above her head and settling in the distant lake beyond, while her own song echoed over the bright expanse in all the joy and glee of childish mirth and innocence.

Nearly half the distance had been passed, when a young curlew started up and ran in the path ahead of her for a little way, then left it and sped across the prairie.

In an instant her mother's injunction to "keep right in the path" was forgotten, and Mattie was bounding after the bird with all the ease and grace of a young gazelle.

Did any of my young readers ever see a curlew?

This one was about the size of a quail, very much the color of a guinea-fowl, and had long legs which made it about as tall as a common hen. It was too young to fly, but it could run just fast enough to make Mattie think that she was just going to catch it, while it managed to keep barely out of reach of her outstretched hand. It turned and darted and dodged, now to the right, then to the left, through the grass and over the flowers, leading Mattie on a long and tiresome chase a great distance from the place where she first discovered it. But at length it took refuge under a bunch of plants with large leaves, which concealed her from its view and made it imagine itself safe, but she knew it was there, and, advancing cautiously, she threw her sunbonnet over it, and the prize was hers.

With a cry of joy she clasped the bird in her arms, and started to go back to the path; but in her chase she had turned round at least fifty times without knowing it, so that she took quite a different direction, and when she came to an Indian trail, leading a long way from the place to which she had intended to go, she followed it without knowing the difference. She walked on and on for a long time without coming to any house, and she began to think that Mr. Brown's ranch never seemed so far off before; but perhaps her chase after the bird made the way seem longer. She would surely come to it after awhile, she thought.

But she grew very tired, and still there was no house in sight.

The trail led to the stream, which was bordered on each side to the distance of half a mile with heavy timber. She followed its windings among the trees, until a sudden turn brought her within a short distance of a group of Indian lodges.

She was accustomed to the sight of Indians, but

this unexpected scene frightened her a little, and she stopped suddenly.

A dozen copper-colored children, from three to twelve years of age, came, running toward her chattering like a flock of blackbirds, in a language as hard for her to understand as that of the birds. They were wrapped in blankets and wore leggins, and beads and brass bracelets upon their arms and ankles, and my young readers would have thought that they were the funniest-looking group of children that they had ever seen.

Mattie would have been very badly frightened if she had not been accustomed to seeing Indians, but they surrounded her and led her to the door of one of the lodges, and, spreading a robe upon the ground, made her understand that she was to sit down upon it.

And she was so tired that she was willing to rest even in this strange place. It was toward noon, and she was very glad to see that they were getting dinner.

A few feet from where she was sitting two forked sticks had been driven into the ground, about four feet apart, and a stout pole laid upon them; an iron kettle was suspended upon the pole over a fire, and in this the dinner was boiling.

Mattie was very hungry, and she sat watching the kettle and hoping that the dinner was almost done, and wondering why it did not smell as it did when her mother was cooking chickens or squirrels, when an Indian came up with a muskrat. He threw it upon the ground. A squaw picked it up, held it in the boiling soup for a moment, then stripped the fur from it as you would the feathers from a chicken that had been scalded, and threw it into the kettle.

Mattie thought if that was the way in which they prepared their game she would rather eat at home; but she was a long way from it, and so terribly hungry that she did not believe that she could walk back without something to eat, although she thought the soup smelled dreadfully.

Just then an Indian boy came into camp with a large turtle. He threw it down near her and held a stick near its mouth. The turtle stretched out its neck and made a savage bite at the stick, and before it could take its head back into the shell the boy cut it off with a quick blow from a hatchet, and the squaw took it up and put it on the fire to roast.

"Why, that's not the way in which my father dresses turtles to cook!" said Mattie, in astonishment.

But no one understood her, and the squaw took a forked stick and held the turtle down upon the coals, for it was squirming terribly.

Mattie thought it looked horribly cruel, but she reflected that she had heard her father say that no creature could feel any especial pain after being beheaded; but she thought it ought at least to have time to die before being roasted.

After the turtle quit kicking and squirming the squaw took a wooden bowl, put some Indian meal into it, mixed it up with a little water, spatted it out into little cakes, laid them upon a board, and set it up by the fire to bake.

Mattie wondered why she did not wash her hands before mixing the cakes, but finally concluded that perhaps it was her way of doing. At length everything was cooked. The turtle was taken from the fire and laid upon the ground on

its back, the cake placed beside it, and the soup dipped out into wooden bowls.

Mattie did not like the odor of the soup, and the sight of a squirrel's foot, which she dipped up in the wooden ladle which was given her to eat with, and a duck's bill, which was floating upon her dish, did not help her to relish it.

She tried to taste it, but the odor made her so dreadfully sick that she thought she should lose her appetite altogether.

The squaw took a knife and loosened the flesh of the turtle from the edge of the shell, which formed a dish from which to eat it, and, in spite of the primitive manner in which it was cooked, Mattie managed to eat a small piece with one of the cakes, but nothing but her long walk could have made her taste so unsavory a dinner.

All the time she had held fast to the curlew, which seemed to give her importance in the opinion of the Indian children.

As soon as she thought herself sufficiently rested, she began to think of going home and to wonder if she could find the way. Then came a thought that frightened her more than anything that she had before experienced.

What if they should want to keep her! She had often heard that Indians liked to have white children in their camps, and perhaps they would not let her go home. And her mother would surely be getting anxious about her by this time.

The thought of her parents and brothers riding about in search of her, almost distracted by her loss, made her feel so lonely and homesick that she could scarcely keep from crying.

"Poor little curlew!" she said to herself, "perhaps you feel just as badly to be taken from your mother and your home among the flowers as I would to be taken from mine, and if I can get away, I'll carry you back and never take a young bird from its mother again."

She sprang suddenly to her feet and started off in the direction from which she came, but instantly there was a confused clamor of voices and all the children ran after her and seemed to be trying to tell her something, and the squaws and Indians came out of the other lodges and gazed after her, and the squaw with whom she had eaten dinner

came and carried her back, and, in spite of her screams and struggles, put her upon a pony's back, mounted behind her, and rode away.

Mattie kicked and screamed and pinched and scratched the squaw's hands, but she paid no more attention to it than if it had been a mosquito, but kept right on just as if Mattie was perfectly contented.

Seeing that she was only tiring herself out for nothing, Mattie finally desisted, but thought she would watch the way carefully and run away at the first opportunity.

She dropped the curlew in the grass and was pleased to see it run scampering over the prairie and thought how glad she would be if she only had her liberty.

After awhile Mattie's sharp little eyes saw a log-cabin away in the distance, and she almost held her breath for fear that the squaw would see it, too, and take a different direction, but she kept right on toward it, and Mattie began to realize that the creature was kindly taking her home and she had repaid her with kicks and pinches!

She felt that she ought to apologize; but it would be of no use, since she could not make her understand.

"I can't help it now; she ought to have told me what she was going to do and then I should not have acted so," thought Mattie; "but perhaps that was just what the children tried to tell me." Mattie rode on silently, feeling very much ashamed of her conduct.

She found her parents very much distressed on account of her absence, and her father and brothers had already been out hunting for her.

She slid down from the pony's back at the cabin-door, and ran and brought a basket of eggs, which she gave to the squaw, and her mother gave the creature a bright pink apron, with which she was greatly pleased.

And Mattie learned two lessons that day. One was, that disobedience, even in so slight a matter as turning aside from the right path, might bring a great deal of trouble and sorrow both upon herself and those she loved, and she never molested a young bird again.

ISADORE ROGERS.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### CRUST AND FILLING.

**P**IE-MAKING is one of the hardest features of cooking. Really good pies, like first-class bread, are not seen on every table, and without discussing the healthfulness of pastry it is a fact that nice, light pastry is much less hurtful than that which is improperly made. The old way of making pie-crust, by adding only lard and water to flour, is but little practiced now by housekeepers, almost every one adding baking-powder or cream-tartar and soda. By this method the tough, leathery undercrust is avoided which has been credited with causing so much dyspepsia.

We have found it a good way to sift with one quart of flour two teaspoonfuls of cream-tartar and one teaspoonful of soda, then rub into this

flour one cup of cold lard. Mix with very cold water, adding a little salt, and after each top-crust is rolled out, or even after it is on the pie, spread over with a knife a few thin shavings of cold lard, dredge on a little flour, and press it down lightly with the hand. After the pie is baked this added flour and lard will give the pie a nice appearance. This little secret was learnt of a neighbor whose pastry always resembled that of a professional cook. She sometimes used a trifle more than a cup of lard to a quart of flour, but that is enough for ordinary use by the addition of lard on the top crust. But the lard must be cold and cut thin to have success.

There is a little, convenient way that the busy housekeeper can do which we learned by accident. Spending the afternoon unexpectedly with a friend,

she excused herself a few minutes, and later, at the tea-table, explained that the fresh pie before us she had made that afternoon while absent from the parlor. Questioned as to how she could make it so quickly, she explained that she always kept prepared flour on hand for pastry. She sifted three or four quarts of flour, adding the proper quantities of cream-tartar and soda, then she rubbed the lard into it lightly, and set it aside in a tin-pail to be used when needed. All she had to do in order to make a pie was to stir up as much of the flour as needed, with water and a pinch of salt. We imagined that it could not be kept long, but after trying it found that the lard and flour do not grow moist, as might be the case if the salt had been added, and there being no moisture, the cream-tartar and soda do not act upon each other.

We do not mean to be without prepared pastry flour, as it is ready in an emergency and a great help on baking day. All these little handy ways make it possible for one to do her own work. It is in such a manner that the head can help the hands, learning everything that will lighten work and then remembering to do it.

It is quite an undertaking to make mince-pies, but when a quantity of mince-meat is prepared there is something on hand, provided it is made and kept good. Our way usually is to boil the meat, chop fine, adding suet, fruit, spices, and sugar; cook this again and put up in cans. This will keep a long time, and a can of it can be added to nearly twice the quantity of chopped apple any time.

Another way is to fully prepare the mince-meat at first, adding the apple and cooking slowly until it is well done and then canning it. In any case it is better to cook the meat and apple before making the pies; by so doing you only have to cook the pie long enough to bake the crust, which will be nicer than if the pie was in the oven until the raw apple cooked through. A mince-pie with brown crust and half raw apple inside is a frequent result from the hand of the unskilled cook. A chopped lemon is a great addition to pie meat, and if the quantity is large two are needed. If you have not added one a very little of the grated peel on the pie before the top crust is laid on is an improvement. The juice of the lemon and the liquor in which the meat was boiled are better than wine, cider, or vinegar.

There is a rank, strong taste in cooking in which wine is used, which is not noticeable when lemon-juice or canned fruit sirups are substituted. It is the best plan to buy a good piece of meat for pies, for tough, hard meat seems a poor foundation to add fruits and spices to, and the nicer the ingredients the better the result if intelligently compounded. The ready-mixed mince-meat sold at the grocers' now is convenient for those who cannot make it, but is not as good as the home-made.

ALLIE E. WHITAKER.

#### HOW TO CLEANSE WASTE-PIPES.

ONE of the most frequent and trying annoyances of housekeeping is the obstruction to the free, quick outlet of the waste-water of the wash-stand, the bath, and the kitchen sink. This is caused by a gradual accumulation of small bits of refuse material, paper, rags, meat, bones, or other offal, which check and finally entirely

stop the outflow of the waste-water, and then the plumber is called on to remove the stoppage with his force-pump. Sometimes this is effective; at others the offending waste-pipe is cut out and a new one put in its place at considerable cost. But the plumber is not always near at hand or free to come at one's call, and the matter demands immediate attention. A simple, inexpensive method of clearing the pipe is as follows: Just before retiring at night pour into the pipe enough liquid soda lye to fill the "trap," as it is called, or bent portion of the pipe just below the outlet—about a pint will suffice for a washstand, or a quart for a bath or kitchen-sink. Be sure that no water runs into it till next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the offal in the pipe into soft soap, and the first current of water in the morning will remove it entirely, and leave the pipe as clean as new.

#### A LABOR SAVER.

"ALL that mending, Jenny?" said her cousin, with a shrug and a frown. "You do have my sympathy."

It was a good peach-basket full—better measure, too, than most fruit dealers give. But Jenny made light of it, as she dumped the contents all out on the clean druggist, preparatory to assorting her dry goods. The basket itself was a cheerful-looking piece of furniture, lined without and within with a gay rosebud cretonne and supplied with any number of pockets and all sorts of conveniences.

"The mountain has gained upon me a little in these past, busy weeks," said Jane, cheerily, "but you will see it speedily reduced to a mole-hill. In the first place, I will oil the sewing-machine thoroughly and wind about half a dozen bobbins. Let me see," and she surveyed her pile critically, "two white bobbins, one of black, and one of brown, and one of gray. That will answer for all the work."

"I can't see the use of a sewing-machine in mending," said Ella. "I always take a needle and toil through my work just as I used to before I had a machine."

"Some people like that way the best, but sewing-machine mending is good enough for me, and with care one can make the corners fit in neatly. The work has the merit of being strong, too, when you are through. Now here are a pair of laid-aside sheets. They can be 'turned' nicely and made to do service a long time yet on Ned's narrow bedstead. I tear out the thin part and set together the outside selvages, and then hem the other sides. It takes such a little time with the machine, and yet, what a long, monotonous, all-day job it was to us little girls in our childhood; we'll lay those by themselves," and she laid them in a chair, as the beginning of her "white pile." "Here is Jenny's blue plaid all out at the elbows. No use in patching them; it looks poorly and does not last long. Would you be willing to rip out those sleeves for me, cousin, while I get my pieces and cut out a new underside to both sleeves. There, now I will baste the sleeves up again and sew the seams on the machine and it will take but little longer than to put in a round patch. Yet how much better the child will like it. Here is a bit of blue velvet I will make into cuffs for it. I



know it will please her every time she looks down at it, and it will freshen up the old dress.

"And here are Ned's little trousers all out at the knees. Nothing but real surgery will answer for them. Cut the leg clear across, rip down the short seams to the bottom, and cut a new half front to the leg and set it in with the machine. When nicely pressed, the seam across the front will not look so bad for clothes to dig in the dirt with. That is the way I am going through my pile, and you can see how much the machine will help on the work. I call it a great labor-saver, even for the mending-basket."

OLIVE.

### A BOTTLE OF GLUE.

**D**URING a freeze, a toilet-bottle of grapevine-juice (I keep this to curl baby's hair; caught it in the spring when the vines were pruned) was frozen and burst. I applied Royal Glue to both edges and immediately it was mended to look as well as ever. When the upper and sole of baby's shoe part company, I immediately cement the old compact with glue. When the ivory mouthpiece comes off her brass horn, I resort to

glue. So also when the papier-mache of her *wax* doll is smashed, I immediately set all parts in place by the ever-ready glue. Oh! the convenience of a bottle of glue and the next thing to it, a bottle of gum-tragacanth.

For scrap-books, for embossed-picture decoration, for sticking back in place a loosened leaf, for pasting in every department, this gum-tragacanth is indispensable. A lump as large as a chestnut will fill a common mucilage-bottle when soaked in warm water. No other preparation is necessary. It keeps well. Gum-Arabic is useful—to it you may not only resort for sticking, but for glossing in ironing. However, a good washerwoman says a small lump of borax dissolved in water and added to starch glosses a shirt front beautifully.

The glue that I happen to have at present is transparent—the same used by the United States Government Department, manufactured by J. U. O'Meara & Co., Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. It is unrivaled for mending ornaments. I have never tested its efficacy in dishes to be washed. For this I find *perfect* white lead. Either the prepared paint or the flour mixed with copal varnish, with the addition of turpentine for drying it off.

M. DEY ERLE.

## The Temperance Cause.

### INEBRIETY FROM THE STANDPOINT OF TO-DAY.

**T**HE following case differs in no way from many others, but is presented to show the loss to the community from the present methods of treatment.

John Doe inherited from his father an inebriate diathesis. His father was a moderate drinker, his uncles drank to excess, and his grandfather also drank. On his mother's side moderate drinking and consumption were prominent. He started out in life as a manufacturer, at twenty-two years of age, had several thousand dollars capital, and married into a large, influential family. He was a nervous, energetic man, and used whisky every day for its medicinal effects. At thirty-two he failed in business, and drank to excess at times. A year after he started again, and five years later failed, involving his father and father-in-law in hopeless bankruptcy.

In these sixteen years he had sunk over five hundred thousand dollars, and made two families besides his own paupers, and largely dependent on the community for support. At this time he signed the pledge, became a church member, and for over a year was a shining example; then he relapsed. During the year following he was sent to jail for inebriety. For the next eight years he was sent thirteen times to jail for drunkenness and assault. In the meantime he was a hostler, bar-keeper, laborer, and hackman, failing in every occupation. Finally he assaulted his wife fatally and was tried for murder. The jury disagreed and two trials followed. He was sentenced to be hung, the case was argued in the higher courts, and finally commuted to life imprisonment. Two

years after, he fatally assaulted a keeper, and died a year after of consumption. Financially, it cost the taxpayers to support and punish him from the time of his first sentence for drunkenness not less than five hundred dollars for nine commitments to jail for periods of from thirty to ninety days' imprisonment.

The expense of two trials for murder and his final imprisonment was not less than fifteen hundred dollars, in all, two thousand dollars, which was the money paid out in an effort to cure him by punishment.

During this time he killed his wife and a prison-keeper; his family were practically destroyed, having been neglected and scattered, and at the same time freighted with a frightful heredity and the contagion of bad impulses and no training. Two families had been made paupers, and four of them died in the almshouse and hospitals. Others had become a burden on their friends.

Had inebriety been fully recognized in his case at the first, and he forced to come under medical care and treatment, there is every reason to believe that all this loss and suffering might have been prevented. At the time of failure in business, when his case became chronic, had he been confined to a work-house hospital, with no other result except housing him, it would have been a great gain to society and the State. Two murders would have been prevented, and all the loss and suffering which followed from them.

To call this a vice until it becomes chronic, and then apply legal methods of restoration and cure, is a system of blunders that is a disgrace to our civilization.

It is these unfortunate methods that are intensifying inebriety, and making it more incurable and dangerous every day. These are the forces that

are actually propagating an army of paupers and criminals, and other defective classes whose presence is a perpetual menace to all healthy progress and civilization.—*Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.*

### DANGER FROM MARRIAGE WITH INEBRIATES.

**I**N this case there is a volume of argument, which is more startling from the fact that it is not uncommon in all sections of the country. The ancestors of A. B. were Irish and inebriates. From the rise in real estate the son was left a fortune. He was a man of talent and a paroxysmal inebriate at twenty-six years of age. He married a pious woman, who has neurotic ancestors. The family physician advised against the marriage and incurred their hatred ever after.

Seven children was the result of this alliance. Two died in infancy of convulsions. The third became insane at puberty and is now in an insane asylum, a hopeless incurable. The fourth grew to

manhood, and is now an inebriate pauper and criminal, having been in prison five out of the last eight years. The fifth became the wife of a wealthy man, and in a paroxysm of inebriate insanity killed her child, poisoned her husband, and then committed suicide. The sixth is a low dealer in spirits and petty criminal, who has been repeatedly punished for crime. The seventh, after a short life of great excesses, died in a public hospital. The father became a paralytic, lost his property, and died in an asylum. The mother died of puerperal convulsions at thirty-four.

The result of this marriage was one insane, one inebriate and insane, two criminals, and one who was so demented that he died from general excesses. This should have been prevented. From this source a large part of all the loss and suffering which society is called to bear comes. Will a wider intelligence, sustained by law, apply the proper remedy? Shall we suffer these evils to peril our civilization and life, when the means to remove them are known and practical?—*Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.*

## Health Department.

### THE CLOTHING OF THE SEXES.

A PHYSICIAN'S PLEA FOR A CHANGE IN THE MAKE OF WOMEN'S DRESS.

**D**R. RICHARDSON, in *London Truth*, says: I agree that the tax of carrying clothes from the waist is utterly unjustifiable, and that the parts that should bear the burden are the shoulders and none other. In this regard women ought to be placed under just the same favorable conditions for movement of the body as men, and the greatest emancipation that woman will ever have achieved will have arrived when she has discovered and carried out this practical improvement.

Any one who will for a moment think candidly must admit that the dress of men, however bad it may be in taste, or in whatever bad taste it may have been conceived, is, in respect to health, infinitely superior to that of women. In the dress of the man every part of the body is equally covered. The middle of the body is not enveloped in a number of close layers, while the lower limbs are left without close clothing altogether; the centre of the body is not strained with a weight which almost drags down the lower limbs and back; the chest is not exposed to every wind that blows, and the feet are not bewildered with heavy garments which they have to kick forward or drag from behind with every advancing step. The body is clothed equally, and the clothing is borne by the shoulders; it gives free motion to breathing; it gives freedom of motion to the circulation; it makes no undue pressure on the digestive organs; it leaves the limbs free; it is easily put on and off, and it allows of ready change in vicissitudes of weather.

It is told of the late eminent surgeon, Mr. Cline, the teacher of Sir Astley Cooper, that when he was consulted by a lady on the question how she should prevent a girl from growing up misshapen,

he replied, "Let her have no stays, and let her run about like the boys." I gladly re-echo this wise advice of the great surgeon, and I would venture to add to it another suggestion. I would say to the mothers of England—Let your girls dress like your boys; make no difference whatever in respect to them; give them knickerbockers if you like—with these exceptions, that the under garments be of a little lighter material, and that they be supplemented by an outer gown or robe which shall take the place of the outer coat of the boys, and shall make them look distinctively what they are—girls clothed *cap-a-pie*, and well clothed, from head to foot.

### SUNLIGHT A NECESSITY.

**S**UN-BATHS cost nothing, and are the most refreshing, life-giving baths that one can take, whether sick or well. Every housekeeper knows the necessity of giving her woollens the benefit of the sun from time to time, and especially after a long rainy season or a long absence of the sun. Many will think of the injury their clothes are liable to from dampness, who will never reflect that an occasional exposure of their own bodies to the sunlight is equally necessary to their own health. The sun-baths cost nothing, and that is a misfortune; for people are still deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. Let it not be forgotten that three of God's most beneficent gifts to man—three things the most necessary to good health—sunlight, fresh air, and water—are free to all; you can have them in abundance, without money and without price, if you will. If you would enjoy good health, then see to it that you are supplied with pure air to breathe all the time; that you bathe for an hour or so in the sunlight, and that you quench your thirst with no other fluid than water.

## HOUSEHOLD VENTILATION.

**D**R. RUSSELL, in the *Glasgow Health Lectures*, says of the ventilation of the house-rooms: "Minimize as we may the progressive contamination of an inclosed inhabited space, the contamination is still progressive, and, without renewal of the air, in a few hours you will reach the boundary beyond which lies impaired health. Open your windows, pull up your window-blinds, turn up your mattresses and bedclothes, and every morning let the products of the night be swept out by the incoming current of fresh air. Then, all through the day, remember to have a small chink open at the top of your windows; or, better still, raise the lower sash, close the opening beneath with a piece of wood fitting closely, and so the air will enter at the junction of the sashes and pass upward without draught. The secret of ventilation without draught is a little and constantly. Once permit the air to become close and stuffy, and the moment you endeavor to remedy this result of carelessness, a cold draught will rush in and the fear of injury will cause you to stop it. The mere fact of living in a close atmosphere begets a shivery, susceptible condition of body, which is intolerant of the slightest sensation of chill. If you accustom yourself or your children to fresh air, you become robust, your lungs play freely, the vital heat is sustained, and even a draught becomes exhilarating."

## OVERWORK AND HEART-DISEASE.

**I**N an able and interesting lecture on "Functional Cardiac Disturbances," delivered some time ago at the Bellevue Hospital by Dr. Beverley Robinson, reference is made to the fact that, "so long as muscular exertion conforms to the law of rhythmic action, it develops the muscles and augments their strength; but, if the exertion becomes continuous, then it decreases their power and finally leads to atrophy, or, worse still, to degeneration." Now, in over-exertion, as Dr. Robinson points out, the period of the heart's rest (for, as our readers know, the ever-busy, ever-beating heart has, as every part of the muscular system must have, its momentary intervals of repose) is inevitably diminished by the increased rapidity of action. The heart is thus made to work almost continuously, and it must suffer from this, just as the voluntary muscles do when overworked.

This, as other medical writers have remarked, is the danger in the senseless practice of walking long distances within a given time, which has been so much in vogue of late; and the same may be said of other forms of athletic exercises and contests in which the aim is mainly to ascertain how long the muscular exertion can be kept up without rest, or with unnaturally brief intervals of rest. A case was recently reported, of a young girl who dropped dead while trying to "jump rope" a certain preposterous number of times without stopping; and young people need to be cautioned against all such over-exertion in their games. All gymnasiums in schools and colleges should be under the supervision of a medical man, like the model establishment at Harvard, where every student is subjected, at regular intervals, to a thorough physical ex-

amination, and the particular exercises suited to his case are prescribed in writing. As Dr. Da Costa has said, constant running to catch a train or a boat, as well as habitual "bolting" one's meals, is sure to injure the heart. Dyspepsia is not the only penalty that the hurried feeders are liable to pay.

Dr. J. M. Fothergill aptly remarks that there are "stout-hearted" and "faint-hearted" people—those who can be relied on in an emergency, and those who cannot; those who can control their hearts under great excitement or impending danger, and those who then become powerless and useless. To show the influence of the mind over the heart, the same writer mentions the case of a medical student, who, when asked a question the answer to which required thought, had immediately a changed cardiac rhythm and intermissions of the pulse-beat. Whenever the answer was given without thought the action of the heart remained undisturbed.

We are all of us aware how much our heart-action is influenced by emotions or temporary excitement, but we are not all aware how much control of the cardiac centre may be acquired by an effort of will. The accomplished diplomatist is cited by Dr. Robinson as an illustration of the complete control which one may attain over every utterance or look which indicates emotion, or, in other words, of the power of "regularizing heart-action." The finished coquette is another case in point.—*Popular Science News*.

## EFFECT OF LIGHT EATING UPON COLDS.

**D**R. C. E. PAGE, writing in the *Popular Science Monthly*, says: "Though a lifelong sufferer from the disease in various forms, from the 'snuffles' of infancy to the 'hay fever' of adult age, together with occasional attacks of neuralgia, rheumatism, throat and lung affections, etc., I now find it impossible to excite any of the 'well-known symptoms,' or, in fact, any form of disease, though subjecting myself to what many would consider the most suicidal practices in the matter of exposure to the elements, so long as I live upon a frugal diet, chiefly cereals and fruit, served plainly—nominally two meals a day; holding myself ready, however, to 'skip' a meal whenever necessary, i. e., whenever any of the symptoms of indigestion, as acid stomach, flatulence, pressure in the region of the lungs or stomach, etc., warn me of having carried the pleasures of the table a trifle beyond the needs of the organism. \* \* \* When, however, I have chosen to prolong the experiment by continuing to eat heartily, as is the custom with people in general at such times, I have found my experience identical with theirs; the symptoms would increase in severity, and to nasal catarrh, headache, slight feverishness, and languor would be added sore throat, perhaps with pressure at the lungs, hoarseness, increased fever, and entire indisposition for exertion. In this case two, perhaps three, days' fasting would be required, with a little extra sponging of the skin, to completely restore the balance. Out-door air is desirable, and, when not demanding too great effort, exercise. Air baths, when there is much feverishness of the skin, are comforting and curative."

## Evenings with the Poets.

### SPRING.

THE alder by the river  
Shakes out her powdery curls,  
The willow buds in silver  
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,  
And oh! how sweet they sing!  
To tell the happy children  
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping  
So soft beneath their feet;  
The frogs begin to ripple  
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,  
And scarlet columbine,  
And in the sunny meadows  
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies  
As their soft hands can hold  
The little ones may gather,  
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm, red clover,  
There peeps the violet blue;  
O happy little children!  
God made them all for you.

MRS. CELIA THAXTER.

### THE BABY'S PRAYER.

SHE knelt with her sweet hands folded;  
Her fair little head bowed low;  
While dead vines tapped at the window  
And the air was thick with snow.  
Without, earth dumb with winter;  
Within, hearts dumb with care;  
And up through the leaden silence  
Rose softly the baby's prayer.

"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,  
And help me be good," she said.  
Then, stirred by a sudden fancy,  
She lifted the shining head.  
Did she catch on the frozen maple  
Some hint of the April green,  
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms,  
The drifts of the snow between?

"The beautiful trees," she whispered,  
"Where the orioles used to sing;  
They are tired of the cold, white winter,  
Oh! help them to grow in the spring;  
And the flowers that I loved to gather  
Lord, bring them again in May;  
The dear little violets, sleeping  
Down deep in the ground to-day."

Ah! earth may be chill with snowflakes,  
And hearts may be cold with care,  
But wastes of a frozen silence  
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;  
And lips that were dumb with sorrow  
In jubilant hope may sing;  
For when earth is wrapped in winter,  
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.

ALICE M. EDDY.

### HE LEADETH ME.

IN "pastures green"? Not always: sometimes He  
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me  
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be;

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,  
Out of the sunshine into darkest night.  
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright—

Only for this—I know He holds my hand;  
So whether in green or desert land  
I trust, although I may not understand.

And "by still waters"? No, not always so;  
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,  
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry  
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by  
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,  
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,  
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair  
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where  
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this; where'er the pathway lead,  
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,  
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;  
And in the blest hereafter I shall know  
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

### UNBELIEF.

THERE is no unbelief:  
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,  
And waits to see it push away the clod,  
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,  
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"  
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,  
The silent harvest of the future grow,  
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,  
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,  
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"  
"The Future," trusts that Power alone  
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,  
And dares to live when life has only woes,  
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief:  
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,  
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—  
God knoweth why!



## Art at Home.

### HOME UPHOLSTERY.

WHEN I begin to think over my subject and of the number of things that can be done at home in the way of upholstery, I seem to have so much to write about I hardly know where to commence. Deft fingers, a little neatness, and plenty of patience may transform an ugly room into a pretty one in a very short time. No girls should be ignorant how to use a hammer or plant a nail.

Well, out of innumerable items, I elect to begin with curtains—window-curtains. There are many nice stuffs of excellent appearance, which may be had for a very small cost.

There are Oriental stuffs, real and imitation, a good deal of what is called tapestry, and many serviceable materials made of jute, wearing admirably, and having so good an appearance they look worth twice the money they cost. Most of these are so striped and figured that neither lining nor trimming is required—a remark which does not apply to plain goods; for these, galloons and ball-fringe are most in use. The very soft silks of artistic coloring replace muslin curtains sometimes now, and I also noticed that in lieu of holders, many curtains are tied back with scarves of this same soft silk, especially velvet and plush curtains of dark, brilliant tones, and the thick woolen brocades interwoven with gold thread. A new and favorite form of trimming is to attach a worked dado of some contrasting color on a plain curtain, say from twenty-five inches deep. But we will suppose you have selected the curtains; it is then that home upholstery comes into play, for, of course, you will want to hang them. The usual length, according to the height of the room, is from three to four yards long, shorter by some quarter of a yard than they used to be, as they no longer are looped up or rest much on the ground, but are slightly caught back with straight holders toward the middle of the window. One and a half to two breadths will be required and will sometimes border the edge, but it is not absolutely necessary. Chintzes require lining and must be tacked to the outside at each seam and be subsequently bound with galloon. Cornices are going much out of fashion, and rods have taken their place—sometimes painted iron, with ornamental ends. For these, the tops of the curtains should be box-plaited on to a webbing, placed say three inches below the top, thus leaving a heading; in the webbing, rings or hooks are sewn, so as to be slipped on to the end.

I dare say you have often noticed ordinary chairs covered with some material and tufted with buttons at intervals, giving the appearance of being quilted. This looks intricate and difficult, but it is not really so. Of course, before recovering, all the buttons must be removed and a long tufting needle must be procured; then with strong string you first pass the needle through the button and then right through the chair or sofa, tying it tightly below. If you can manage this, you will find little difficulty in covering a dining or drawing room suite, a costly process if sent to the upholsterer's. Old horsehair chairs, for example, look extremely well covered with a green or dark colored serge and bordered with close-set rows of brass-headed nails. If the wood is hard, I find it a difficult matter to send the nails in, but punching a slight hole first will get over the difficulty, and be sure to hit your nail straight. These hints are worth remembering, if you attempt to cover an occasional table with plush or satin, using ornamental nails, which are expensive and easily broken.

The way to make loose chair-covers is to take the

exact pattern in paper; lay this on the material, and baste it round and cut it out, allowing turnings; then stitch with the machine. The back of the chair will sometimes have to be gathered and fulled here and there to the front. It is a great improvement to put a gathered flounce round the chair-covers. Where absolutely necessary, fasten with buttons and button-holes. Use as few strings as you can; they are apt to hang down unwarily and look untidy.

If you wish to have an ornamental, and at the same time very inexpensive, chair, buy a folding one with wooden frame and holland for back and seat. Some sprigs of crewel-work or chints appliqué scattered over the holland make it most pretty and elegant.

I have often turned packing-cases into ottomans by lining the inside, so that the seams go next the wood. Then make the outside complete, slipping it on when done. It must be sewn to the edge of the inside lining only, taking care to stuff the top with flock, well pressed between the wood and an inner cover. The lid is secured by hinges, and a piece of tape should be nailed from the sides to the lid to prevent it going too far back; the edges may be finished with cord or tassel at each corner. Ordinary hassocks, which you may buy for a trifle apiece, may be converted into pretty footstools by covering them with serge worked with yellow daffodils or any other flower you like.

If you have a plethora of books, get a carpenter to make a wooden frame with no back and a series of shelves. Set this against the wall, cover the top with any fabric you may think suitable, and the sides; border it with ball-fringe, as also the shelves. Put your books on these and your china, etc., on the top, and you will have not only a useful, but a handsome piece of furniture. Three slips of wood strung at each corner with blind cord, knotted when through, so that they cannot slip, the four pieces tied together at the top and passed over a nail, give a convenient kind of bedroom bookshelves which can be arranged at a very small outlay. My space warns me that I must, however, conclude.

A. H.

### A WICKER CHAIR.

A NEW style of wicker chair is made of willow and sea-grass. The lattice-like work in the back and sides, and the ornamental supports between the legs, are of willow; the seat and a rolled border running along the top of the arms and back are of sea-grass, closely woven like a basket. The legs are also covered with a netting of sea-grass. Accompanying this chair is a foot-stool, of which the top is woven sea-grass and the legs of willow; a border of looped willow finishes off the top. The style of trimming this chair and stool is somewhat different from that in use for ordinary wicker chairs. Through the upper row of openings across the back is drawn cardinal satin ribbon, arranged in loose loops; one end of this is simply fringed out, the other concealed under a large bow, which is added after a second band of ribbon has been run in. The second row is drawn through a lower set of openings, continuous around the back and arms. The two ends of this band of ribbon are merely fringed out, and the fringe is displayed upon the front of the chair, over the arms, just above the seat. The bow upon the upper row of ribbon is attached at the left side, and consists of about ten loops arranged in a circle, with two long ends falling down the back of the chair and just touching the seat. A similar bow of loops arranged in a circle, but without the ends, is fastened to the footstool. This is applied directly to the top, in one corner.

is simply fringed out, so that fringe about an inch in depth stands up all around the cut-glass stopper, nearly hiding it.

Satin-covered bottles are almost invariably decorated with hand-painting. Embroidery has been used, but it interferes with the smooth fit of the satin over the bottle. Transfer pictures have also been employed, but these are not high art. One of the latest wrong ideas is to paste upon the bottles an appliqué figure, cut out from colored silk embroidery.

Sometimes a pin-cushion accompanies a pair of bottles. This is of satin to match, and is edged with a deep ruching, fringed out like the tops of the bottle coverings. The decoration is a spray of hand-painting upon the top. The bottles and cushion are set upon satin mats, edged with fringed-out ruching or fluting. Sometimes, instead of a pin-cushion, a trimmed box keeps the bottles company. A square box, with lid, is first covered and lined with silesia, the top of the lid being padded, like a pin-cushion. This is then covered with a square of satin decorated with hand-painting like the bottles. Around the lid of the box, so as to droop down over the sides, is then arranged a ruffle of inexpensive lace. The bottles and box are set upon lace-edged mats.

**Crocheted Twine.**—The fancy continues for tidies, lambrequins, and borders for table-covers, of seine twine, crocheted to imitate macramé lace. Crocheted twine is almost as effective as real macramé, but not one-half so difficult of execution. Any lady who can crochet any old-fashioned shell-lace pattern can readily make a mantel lambrequin or decoration for a stand without special directions. The materials required are only écu twine and a stout bone crochet needle.

The greater part of the work is simply coarse crochet lace, from one-quarter to one-half a yard in width. After the lace is completed a row of knotted fringe is added to its scalloped edge. This is done merely by cutting the twine into regular lengths and knotting bundles of the twine, containing a uniform number of strands, through the border of the shells, leaving two, three, or four stitches of the border between every two bundles of strands. The fringe should be nearly of the same depth as the lace—that is, one-quarter of a yard or more.

**Darned Net.**—This, besides its humbler office of constituting tidies and trimming for lingerie, now takes the more ambitious form of bed-spreads, pillow-shams, and window-curtains. The materials used are white cotton net and linen floss. The patterns are simply conventional figures, consisting principally of straight and diagonal lines.

**Rio-rae Tidy.**—A pretty tidy is made of rio-rae braid and finished in floss and ribbon. A very effective one, recently seen, consisted of a square of daisies, the daisies formed of the braid in rosettes, so that the points of the braid represented daisy petals. Each rosette was mounted upon a circular piece of white muslin, the muslin drawn up so as to form a button-like puff in the centre of the rosette. This puff was then worked over with yellow floss, to imitate the yellow centre of a daisy. The daisies joined in stripes left open spaces, forming regular rows throughout the work; through these were run blue ribbon. The tidy was finished by a large blue bow in one upper corner.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHION NOTES.

Spring and summer toilettes for general wear are of light woolen fabrics, two materials often being combined in one costume. They are characterized by long basques, with deep points in front; plaited skirts, sometimes one or two deep plaitings covering the entire front and side breadths, and overskirt drapery, either short and puffed or long in the back, straight or plaited, without loopings. The trimming most fancied for these simple woolen costumes is braid or soutache embroidery.

A pretty costume is of brown and écu bison-cloth. The skirt is edged at the hem with a narrow knife-plaiting of the brown cloth. Above this, nearly covering the foundation-skirt, are two plaitings of the écu cloth, about eighteen inches in depth. Upon these plaitings are arranged perpendicular rows of braid, the ends fringed out to fall like tassels over the lower edges of the plaitings. Short, plaited, diagonal apron and long back draperies of the brown cloth, the edges of these draperies simply hemmed. Pointed basque of the brown cloth, with vest front, collar, and cuffs of the écu cloth. The vest is further trimmed with horizontal rows of the braid, fringed at the ends, the collars and cuffs with perpendicular rows.

Another pretty costume is of dark-blue woolen material combined with one of light-figured wool. The skirt is of the dark-blue fabric, and consists chiefly of a heavy kilt-plaiting. The light blue is made up as a long polonaise, the front imitating a pointed basque, and a horizontally wrinkled apron. The back drapery hangs in plain, straight-box plaitings. The front of the basque is completed by a plastron of perpendicular plaitings and a narrow belting of blue velvet, with ends crossed over the plastron.

A third costume is of beige-colored nun's-veiling. The skirt consists of perpendicular plaits, which are attached to the foundation near the hem, to form a narrow ruffle, above which the greater part of the skirt hangs in one bag-like puff. The polonaise is formed of a basque, with attached drapery, this drapery being turned away at one side, making a Greek point. Back-drapery, long and looped in puffs. Collar, revers, and cuffs of velvet. The space between the revers is open to show a white guimpe or filling of lace. Folds of the drapery caught up to the basque by a buckle or passanterie ornament.

Still another costume is of green cloth, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. The skirt is a deep kilt, near the hem of which is arranged the velvet, a wide band between two narrower ones. The polonaise is fastened in the back, a triple row of velvet running down the front from the neck to the edge of the apron-drapery. Velvet collar and cuffs.

High puffed sleeves are seen in all of these costumes. Such sleeves now form part of all the new waists, wraps, and even shoulder-capes, giving the effect of the upper part of a coat. It may also be remarked here that these costumes present nearly all of the prevailing ideas in dressmaking.

Tailor-made costumes are now always accompanied by a small hat or bonnet made of the same cloth as the dress.

**Millinery.**—The fashionable bonnet is the small capote. This is worn by ladies of all ages, from fifteen to fifty or more. Capotes have been worn this spring by the bridesmaids at all the fashionable church-weddings. This little bonnet may be made of any material, but at present the fancy seems to be for tulle and velvet. The frame is merely a few gilt or silver

wires, over which is loosely puffed the tulle, a band of bright-colored velvet forming the brim. If strings are added they are of tulle, with a bow of the bright velvet under the chin.

**Novelties.**—Straw for bonnets is now used as a fabric, folded in the same way that silk or velvet would be, over a wire frame. Tulle or illusion now comes dotted all over with straw, like beads. Dividing favor with tulle are China and Japanese crape and silk mull. These are made up simply, according to fancy, and the styles are so little complicated that any lady may easily do her own millinery.

**Flowers.**—The favorite flowers this season will be poppies, pink and white clovers, pink rosebuds, pink flowering almonds, and bachelors' buttons. Black bonnets will be trimmed with white flowers, and white bonnets with pink ones. A pretty fancy is for tiny, unblown rosebuds, similar to those formerly known as "baby-buds," for young ladies' bonnets.

**Lace bonnets,** white, black, and écarle, will be very popular. They may or may not be trimmed with small flowers. A wreath of flowers or buds is frequently arranged in front of the crown of a lace bonnet.

**Gold threads and gilt tips** may be seen upon a bonnet of any style. Gilt pins are stuck about a bonnet regardless of anything, save caprice.

**Favorite Colors.**—The daintiest tints of cream, lavender, pink, and pale green enter into the pretty China-crape capotes. The most decidedly novel combination is red and pink, as red roses upon pink crape or pink roses upon red crape. The two fashionable colors are mushroom brown and poppy red.

**Flower Bonnets.**—These are made entirely of one

flower, as heliotrope or violet. A Paris fancy is for opera bonnets of natural flowers. A lady desiring a flower bonnet sends her bonnet-frame to the florist with her order, the day before that upon which the bonnet is to be worn.

**Natural Flowers.**—The flower now fashionable above all others is the Marechal Niel rose. At a recent wedding the bride wore Marechal Niel roses instead of the conventional orange-blossoms. Bridesmaids now invariably carry immense bouquets of these beautiful yellow roses, which seem to have driven the long-favorite red Jacqueminot and pink Bon Silene completely out of sight.

**Wild flowers,** by this time, have become established favorites for decoration. It is now the practice among the wealthiest of our citizens to fill their costliest vases with sylvan beauties, as violets, anemones, daisies, and buttercups, as long as the season for wild-flowers continues, which is really from April until November in these latitudes. Perhaps this fashion was copied from the English, who have, within recent years, taken into favor their cowslips and primroses. This season the fancy has sprung up for "wild gardening," which is a very old fashion revived. It is much affected by young ladies, and it consists in transplanting wild-flowers from the fields and woods to the garden, and cultivating them, like exotics. This, also, is a fashion to be commended, as it must aid, in time, in destroying the long-prevailing ridiculous taste for double flowers, hybrids, and other floral monstrosities, which so many of our mistaken friends believe beautiful.

**Gloves.**—For full-dress, tan or gold-colored undressed kid gloves, or *gants de Suède*. These colored gloves are now worn, even by bridesmaids, with white toilettes.

## Notes and Comments.

### Work for Women.

**MISS EMILY FAITHFUL**, who has visited California, writes home, advising English women who have to support themselves to come out to that State, where certain industries unknown in England can be profitably entered into. Among these is the culture of oranges, apricots, nectarines, and almonds, all of which is carried on successfully by women. She refers to Miss Austen's raisins as the best in the San Francisco market. Commenting on Miss Faithful's advice to her countrywomen, the *Press*, of this city, says:

"If it will pay an Englishwoman to cross the ocean and a continent to raise bees, silk-worms, or grow small fruits, it certainly will pay the wives and daughters of Pennsylvania and Jersey farmers to do the same on an odd acre or two of the family farm. But if such a woman wants to add to her income, she either begins to write novels or poetry for the magazines or to paint china or to torture wool and silk into hideous 'decorations' which never sell, or she rushes-up to one of the seaboard cities to become a teacher or shop girl. If she cannot succeed in these undertakings, or has not the courage to face the world, she mopes and pines, discouraged, at home, and grows bitter against fate which has 'barred women out from so many careers.' We are inclined to suspect that much of the ill-success of women in trying to earn a livelihood since the war comes from their vaulting ambition. Out of every ten boys, eight per cent. become traders

of some kind or handicraftsmen. But girls essay to support themselves by their brains, as artists, authors, teachers, or saleswomen; their only idea of using their hands is to sew.

"We called attention the other day to the utter neglect by women of the great dairy industry. These which we have just cited bear a close relation to it, as does the raising of poultry. In all these vocations a woman can earn her livelihood in healthy out-door work, while secluded and protected in her own home."

### Women's Extravagances.

**REFERRING** to the oft-repeated allegation that "the extravagance of women ruins the men," a lady writing for one of our daily papers says, with much force and pertinence:

"How many men confide in their wives and daughters, letting them understand clearly just how much money they may spend? He who allows them credit in his name at the grocery and dry goods stores considers himself liberal. He fixes no limit, and when the bills come he storms and pays them. 'Pa always scolds at my bills,' said a young lady of fashion. 'I don't see that their size has anything to do with it; so I might as well get what I want.' And this is precisely the ground which many other women take. Their helplessness in money matters is chargeable chiefly to the training given them by their fathers.

"From early childhood, every boy and girl should have a fixed allowance, however small, for pocket-

are actually propagating an army of paupers and criminals, and other defective classes whose presence is a perpetual menace to all healthy progress and civilization.—*Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.*

### DANGER FROM MARRIAGE WITH INEBRIATES.

IN this case there is a volume of argument, which is more startling from the fact that it is not uncommon in all sections of the country. The ancestors of A. B. were Irish and inebriates. From the rise in real estate the son was left a fortune. He was a man of talent and a paroxysmal inebriate at twenty-six years of age. He married a pious woman, who has neurotic ancestors. The family physician advised against the marriage and incurred their hatred ever after.

Seven children was the result of this alliance. Two died in infancy of convulsions. The third became insane at puberty and is now in an insane asylum, a hopeless incurable. The fourth grew to

manhood, and is now an inebriate pauper and criminal, having been in prison five out of the last eight years. The fifth became the wife of a wealthy man, and in a paroxysm of inebriate insanity killed her child, poisoned her husband, and then committed suicide. The sixth is a low dealer in spirits and petty criminal, who has been repeatedly punished for crime. The seventh, after a short life of great excesses, died in a public hospital. The father became a paralytic, lost his property, and died in an asylum. The mother died of puerperal convulsions at thirty-four.

The result of this marriage was one insane, one inebriate and insane, two criminals, and one who was so demented that he died from general excesses. This should have been prevented. From this source a large part of all the loss and suffering which society is called to bear comes. Will a wider intelligence, sustained by law, apply the proper remedy? Shall we suffer these evils to peril our civilization and life, when the means to remove them are known and practical?—*Quarterly Journal of Inebriety.*

## Health Department.

### THE CLOTHING OF THE SEXES.

A PHYSICIAN'S PLEA FOR A CHANGE IN THE MAKE OF WOMEN'S DRESS.

DR. RICHARDSON, in *London Truth*, says: I agree that the tax of carrying clothes from the waist is utterly unjustifiable, and that the parts that should bear the burden are the shoulders and none other. In this regard women ought to be placed under just the same favorable conditions for movement of the body as men, and the greatest emancipation that woman will ever have achieved will have arrived when she has discovered and carried out this practical improvement.

Any one who will for a moment think candidly must admit that the dress of men, however bad it may be in taste, or in whatever bad taste it may have been conceived, is, in respect to health, infinitely superior to that of women. In the dress of the man every part of the body is equally covered. The middle of the body is not enveloped in a number of close layers, while the lower limbs are left without close clothing altogether; the centre of the body is not strained with a weight which almost drags down the lower limbs and back; the chest is not exposed to every wind that blows, and the feet are not bewildered with heavy garments which they have to kick forward or drag from behind with every advancing step. The body is clothed equally, and the clothing is borne by the shoulders; it gives free motion to breathing; it gives freedom of motion to the circulation; it makes no undue pressure on the digestive organs; it leaves the limbs free; it is easily put on and off, and it allows of ready change in vicissitudes of weather.

It is told of the late eminent surgeon, Mr. Cline, the teacher of Sir Astley Cooper, that when he was consulted by a lady on the question how she should prevent a girl from growing up misshapen,

he replied, "Let her have no stays, and let her run about like the boys." I gladly re-echo this wise advice of the great surgeon, and I would venture to add to it another suggestion. I would say to the mothers of England—Let your girls dress like your boys; make no difference whatever in respect to them; give them knickerbockers if you like—with these exceptions, that the under garments be of a little lighter material, and that they be supplemented by an outer gown or robe which shall take the place of the outer coat of the boys, and shall make them look distinctively what they are—girls clothed *cap-a-pie*, and well clothed, from head to foot.

### SUNLIGHT A NECESSITY.

SUN-BATHS cost nothing, and are the most refreshing, life-giving baths that one can take, whether sick or well. Every housekeeper knows the necessity of giving her woollens the benefit of the sun from time to time, and especially after a long rainy season or a long absence of the sun. Many will think of the injury their clothes are liable to from dampness, who will never reflect that an occasional exposure of their own bodies to the sunlight is equally necessary to their own health. The sun-baths cost nothing, and that is a misfortune; for people are still deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. Let it not be forgotten that three of God's most beneficent gifts to man—three things the most necessary to good health—sunlight, fresh air, and water—are free to all; you can have them in abundance, without money and without price, if you will. If you would enjoy good health, then see to it that you are supplied with pure air to breathe all the time; that you bathe for an hour or so in the sunlight, and that you quench your thirst with no other fluid than water.



## HOUSEHOLD VENTILATION.

**D**R. RUSSELL, in the *Glasgow Health Lectures*, says of the ventilation of the house-rooms: "Minimize as we may the progressive contamination of an inclosed inhabited space, the contamination is still progressive, and, without renewal of the air, in a few hours you will reach the boundary beyond which lies impaired health. Open your windows, pull up your window-blinds, turn up your mattresses and bedclothes, and every morning let the products of the night be swept out by the incoming current of fresh air. Then, all through the day, remember to have a small chink open at the top of your windows; or, better still, raise the lower sash, close the opening beneath with a piece of wood fitting closely, and so the air will enter at the junction of the sashes and pass upward without draught. The secret of ventilation without draught is a little and constantly. Once permit the air to become close and stuffy, and the moment you endeavor to remedy this result of carelessness, a cold draught will rush in and the fear of injury will cause you to stop it. The mere fact of living in a close atmosphere begets a shivery, susceptible condition of body, which is intolerant of the slightest sensation of chill. If you accustom yourself or your children to fresh air, you become robust, your lungs play freely, the vital heat is sustained, and even a draught becomes exhilarating."

## OVERWORK AND HEART-DISEASE.

**I**N an able and interesting lecture on "Functional Cardiac Disturbances," delivered some time ago at the Bellevue Hospital by Dr. Beverley Robinson, reference is made to the fact that, "so long as muscular exertion conforms to the law of rhythmic action, it develops the muscles and augments their strength; but, if the exertion becomes continuous, then it decreases their power and finally leads to atrophy, or, worse still, to degeneration." Now, in over-exertion, as Dr. Robinson points out, the period of the heart's rest (for, as our readers know, the ever-busy, ever-beating heart has, as every part of the muscular system must have, its momentary intervals of repose) is inevitably diminished by the increased rapidity of action. The heart is thus made to work almost continuously, and it must suffer from this, just as the voluntary muscles do when overworked.

This, as other medical writers have remarked, is the danger in the senseless practice of walking long distances within a given time, which has been so much in vogue of late; and the same may be said of other forms of athletic exercises and contests in which the aim is mainly to ascertain how long the muscular exertion can be kept up without rest, or with unnaturally brief intervals of rest. A case was recently reported, of a young girl who dropped dead while trying to "jump rope" a certain preposterous number of times without stopping; and young people need to be cautioned against all such over-exertion in their games. All gymnasiums in schools and colleges should be under the supervision of a medical man, like the model establishment at Harvard, where every student is subjected, at regular intervals, to a thorough physical ex-

amination, and the particular exercises suited to his case are prescribed in writing. As Dr. Da Costa has said, constant running to catch a train or a boat, as well as habitual "bolting" one's meals, is sure to injure the heart. Dyspepsia is not the only penalty that the hurried feeders are liable to pay.

Dr. J. M. Fothergill aptly remarks that there are "stout-hearted" and "faint-hearted" people—those who can be relied on in an emergency, and those who cannot; those who can control their hearts under great excitement or impending danger, and those who then become powerless and useless. To show the influence of the mind over the heart, the same writer mentions the case of a medical student, who, when asked a question the answer to which required thought, had immediately a changed cardiac rhythm and intermissions of the pulse-beat. Whenever the answer was given without thought the action of the heart remained undisturbed.

We are all of us aware how much our heart-action is influenced by emotions or temporary excitement, but we are not all aware how much control of the cardiac centre may be acquired by an effort of will. The accomplished diplomatist is cited by Dr. Robinson as an illustration of the complete control which one may attain over every utterance or look which indicates emotion, or, in other words, of the power of "regularizing heart-action." The finished coquette is another case in point.—*Popular Science News*.

## EFFECT OF LIGHT EATING UPON COLDS.

**D**R. C. E. PAGE, writing in the *Popular Science Monthly*, says: "Though a lifelong sufferer from the disease in various forms, from the 'snuffles' of infancy to the 'hay fever' of adult age, together with occasional attacks of neuralgia, rheumatism, throat and lung affections, etc., I now find it impossible to excite any of the 'well-known symptoms,' or, in fact, any form of disease, though subjecting myself to what many would consider the most suicidal practices in the matter of exposure to the elements, so long as I live upon a frugal diet, chiefly cereals and fruit, served plainly—nominally two meals a day; holding myself ready, however, to 'skip' a meal whenever necessary, i. e., whenever any of the symptoms of indigestion, as acid stomach, flatulence, pressure in the region of the lungs or stomach, etc., warn me of having carried the pleasures of the table a trifle beyond the needs of the organism. \* \* \* When, however, I have chosen to prolong the experiment by continuing to eat heartily, as is the custom with people in general at such times, I have found my experience identical with theirs; the symptoms would increase in severity, and to nasal catarrh, headache, slight feverishness, and languor would be added sore throat, perhaps with pressure at the lungs, hoarseness, increased fever, and entire indisposition for exertion. In this case two, perhaps three, days' fasting would be required, with a little extra sponging of the skin, to completely restore the balance. Out-door air is desirable, and, when not demanding too great effort, exercise. Air baths, when there is much feverishness of the skin, are comforting and curative."

## Evenings with the Poets.

### SPRING.

THE alder by the river  
Shakes out her powdery curls,  
The willow buds in silver  
For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,  
And oh! how sweet they sing!  
To tell the happy children  
That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping  
So soft beneath their feet;  
The frogs begin to ripple  
A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,  
And scarlet columbine,  
And in the sunny meadows  
The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies  
As their soft hands can hold  
The little ones may gather,  
All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm, red clover,  
There peeps the violet blue;  
O happy little children!  
God made them all for you.

MRS. CELIA THAXTER.

### THE BABY'S PRAYER.

SHE knelt with her sweet hands folded;  
Her fair little head bowed low;  
While dead vines tapped at the window  
And the air was thick with snow.  
Without, earth dumb with winter;  
Within, hearts dumb with care;  
And up through the leaden silence  
Rose softly the baby's prayer.

"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,  
And help me be good," she said.  
Then, stirred by a sudden fancy,  
She lifted the shining head.  
Did she catch on the frozen maple  
Some hint of the April green,  
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms,  
The drifts of the snow between?

"The beautiful trees," she whispered,  
"Where the orioles used to sing;  
They are tired of the cold, white winter,  
Oh! help them to grow in the spring;  
And the flowers that I loved to gather  
Lord, bring them again in May;  
The dear little violets, sleeping  
Down deep in the ground to-day."

Ah! earth may be chill with snowflakes,  
And hearts may be cold with care,  
But wastes of a frozen silence  
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;  
And lips that were dumb with sorrow  
In jubilant hope may sing;  
For when earth is wrapped in winter,  
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.

ALICE M. EDDY.

### HE LEADETH ME.

IN "pastures green"? Not always: sometimes He  
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me  
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be;

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and bright,  
Out of the sunshine into darkest night.  
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright—

Only for this—I know He holds my hand;  
So whether in green or desert land  
I trust, although I may not understand.

And "by still waters"? No, not always so;  
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,  
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry  
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by  
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,  
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,  
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair  
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where  
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this; where'er the pathway lead,  
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,  
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;  
And in the blest hereafter I shall know  
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

### UNBELIEF.

THERE is no unbelief:  
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,  
And waits to see it push away the clod,  
He trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,  
"Be patient, heart; light breaketh by and by,"  
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of snow,  
The silent harvest of the future grow,  
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,  
Content to look each sense in slumber deep,  
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says, "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"  
"The Future," trusts that Power alone  
He dares disown.

The heart that looks on when the eyelids close,  
And dares to live when life has only woes,  
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief:  
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,  
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny—  
God knoweth why!

## Art at Home.

### HOME UPHOLSTERY.

WHEN I begin to think over my subject and of the number of things that can be done at home in the way of upholstery, I seem to have so much to write about I hardly know where to commence. Dext fingers, a little neatness, and plenty of patience may transform an ugly room into a pretty one in a very short time. No girls should be ignorant how to use a hammer or plant a nail.

Well, out of innumerable items, I elect to begin with curtains—window-curtains. There are many nice stuffs of excellent appearance, which may be had for a very small cost.

There are Oriental stuffs, real and imitation, a good deal of what is called tapestry, and many serviceable materials made of jute, wearing admirably, and having so good an appearance they look worth twice the money they cost. Most of these are so striped and figured that neither lining nor trimming is required—a remark which does not apply to plain goods; for these, galloons and ball-fringe are most in use. The very soft silks of artistic coloring replace muslin curtains sometimes now, and I also noticed that in lieu of holders, many curtains are tied back with scarves of this same soft silk, especially velvet and plush curtains of dark, brilliant tones, and the thick woolen brocades interwoven with gold thread. A new and favorite form of trimming is to attach a worked dado of some contrasting color on a plain curtain, say from twenty-five inches deep. But we will suppose you have selected the curtains; it is then that home upholstery comes into play, for, of course, you will want to hang them. The usual length, according to the height of the room, is from three to four yards long, shorter by some quarter of a yard than they used to be, as they no longer are looped up or rest much on the ground, but are slightly caught back with straight holders toward the middle of the window. One and a half to two breadths will be required and will sometimes border the edge, but it is not absolutely necessary. Chintzes require lining and must be tacked to the outside at each seam and be subsequently bound with galloon. Cornices are going much out of fashion, and rods have taken their place—sometimes painted iron, with ornamental ends. For these, the tops of the curtains should be box-plaited on to a webbing, placed say three inches below the top, thus leaving a heading; in the webbing, rings or hooks are sewn, so as to be slipped on to the end.

I dare say you have often noticed ordinary chairs covered with some material and tufted with buttons at intervals, giving the appearance of being quilted. This looks intricate and difficult, but it is not really so. Of course, before recovering, all the buttons must be removed and a long tufting needle must be procured; then with strong string you first pass the needle through the button and then right through the chair or sofa, tying it tightly below. If you can manage this, you will find little difficulty in covering a dining or drawing room suite, a costly process if sent to the upholsterer's. Old horsehair chairs, for example, look extremely well covered with a green or dark colored serge and bordered with close-set rows of brass-headed nails. If the wood is hard, I find it a difficult matter to send the nails in, but punching a slight hole first will get over the difficulty, and be sure to hit your nail straight. These hints are worth remembering, if you attempt to cover an occasional table with plush or satin, using ornamental nails, which are expensive and easily broken.

The way to make loose chair-covers is to take the

exact pattern in paper; lay this on the material, and baste it round and cut it out, allowing turnings; then stitch with the machine. The back of the chair will sometimes have to be gathered and fulled here and there to the front. It is a great improvement to put a gathered flounce round the chair-covers. Where absolutely necessary, fasten with buttons and button-holes. Use as few strings as you can; they are apt to hang down unwarily and look untidy.

If you wish to have an ornamental, and at the same time very inexpensive, chair, buy a folding one with wooden frame and holland for back and seat. Some sprigs of crewel-work or chints appliqué scattered over the holland make it most pretty and elegant.

I have often turned packing-cases into ottomans by lining the inside, so that the seams go next the wood. Then make the outside complete, slipping it on when done. It must be sewn to the edge of the inside lining only, taking care to stuff the top with flock, well pressed between the wood and an inner cover. The lid is secured by hinges, and a piece of tape should be nailed from the sides to the lid to prevent it going too far back; the edges may be finished with cord or tassels at each corner. Ordinary hassocks, which you may buy for a trifle apiece, may be converted into pretty footstools by covering them with serge worked with yellow daffodils or any other flower you like.

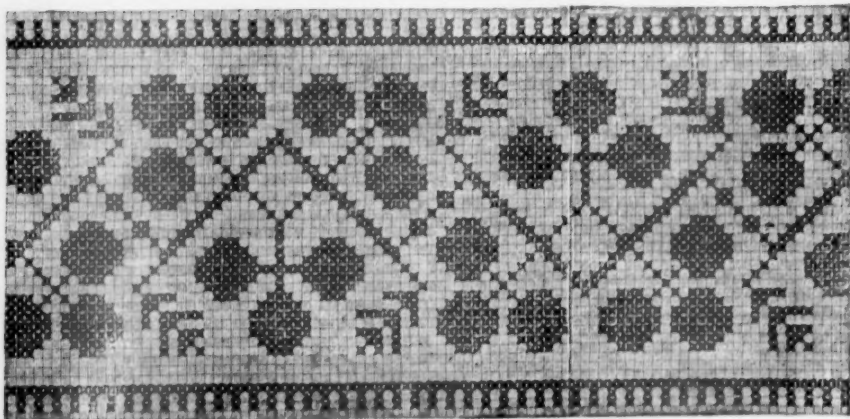
If you have a plethora of books, get a carpenter to make a wooden frame with no back and a series of shelves. Set this against the wall, cover the top with any fabric you may think suitable, and the sides; border it with ball-fringe, as also the shelves. Put your books on these and your china, etc., on the top, and you will have not only a useful, but a handsome piece of furniture. Three slips of wood strung at each corner with blind cord, knotted when through, so that they cannot slip, the four pieces tied together at the top and passed over a nail, give a convenient kind of bedroom bookshelves which can be arranged at a very small outlay. My space warns me that I must, however, conclude.

A. H.

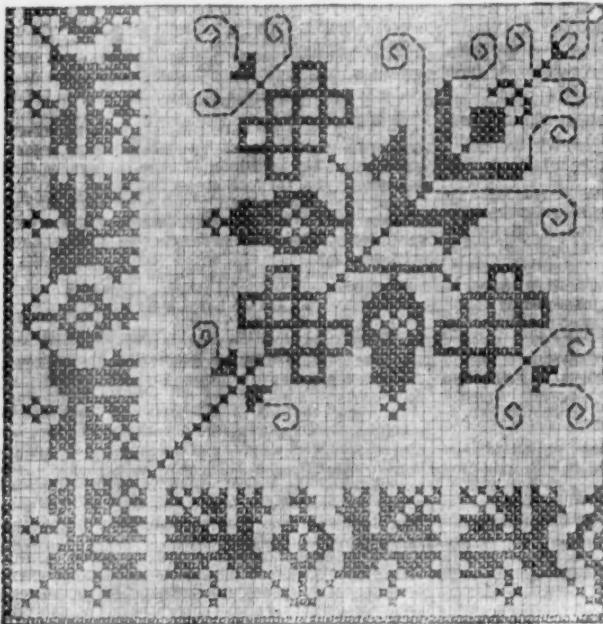
### A WICKER CHAIR.

A NEW style of wicker chair is made of willow and sea-grass. The lattice-like work in the back and sides, and the ornamental supports between the legs, are of willow; the seat and a rolled border running along the top of the arms and back are of sea-grass, closely woven like a basket. The legs are also covered with a netting of sea-grass. Accompanying this chair is a foot-stool, of which the top is woven sea-grass and the legs of willow; a border of looped willow finishes off the top. The style of trimming this chair and stool is somewhat different from that in use for ordinary wicker chairs. Through the upper row of openings across the back is drawn cardinal satin ribbon, arranged in loose loops; one end of this is simply fringed out, the other concealed under a large bow, which is added after a second band of ribbon has been run in. The second row is drawn through a lower set of openings, continuous around the back and arms. The two ends of this band of ribbon are merely fringed out, and the fringe is displayed upon the front of the chair, over the arms, just above the seat. The bow upon the upper row of ribbon is attached at the left side, and consists of about ten loops arranged in a circle, with two long ends falling down the back of the chair and just touching the seat. A similar bow of loops arranged in a circle, but without the ends, is fastened to the footstool. This is applied directly to the top, in one corner.

## Nancy Needlework.



No. 1.—DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH.



No. 2.—DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH.

**Designs in Cross-stitch, or Russian Embroidery.**  
—Cross-stitch continues much in favor, and it has many recommendations; it can be used for so many purposes and is extremely durable. For ornamenting articles of household linen it is excellent, such as sideboard and dinner wagon cloths, five o'clock tea-cloths, towels, sheets, and pillow-cases. For ornamenting curtains and covers for infants' cots it has a very pretty effect; also for doilies, toilet-mats, etc. As we

have often mentioned, the work may be very easily done by putting soft canvas over material, working through it and the material together, and drawing the canvas away thread by thread when the work is completed. For toilet-mats, white jean is very pretty to work on with red, blue, or yellow washing-silk. For wagon and sideboard cloths, Java canvas, Irish linen of good quality and even make is a beautiful groundwork for silk. We have seen bed furniture, counterpanes, and window-curtains made of Irish linen, worked with rather coarse washing-silk, and very beautiful they were and in an excellent state of preservation, although they have been worked a number of years. Design No. 1 will serve for strips or borders; No. 2 for corner for tablecloth, etc.

**Hand-screen Ornamented with Dried Flowers.**—A gilt palm-leaf, nine and a half inches long and ten and one-quarter inches wide, ornamented in the above way, gives this uncommon-looking screen, three-quarter inches from the upper edge strengthened with flower-wire, a crescent-shaped piece of the leaf three and a half inches high, leaving the ribs untouched, is cut out and the space filled in by white silk. On this the dried flowers are arranged in a half wreath and covered with the fine hair-net called wig-net, fastened all round with a pretty mignardise braid, this also framing the stuff part at the back. The palm-leaf and braid are now covered with thin fluid gum or colorless spirit-varnish and gold-leaf then spread quickly and carefully over, this being pressed on lightly with linen cloth. Any places which may have



been omitted must be wetted again with the gum and the gold-leaf put over. A brown, varnished handle, seven and one-eighth inches long, gilded *a la Chinoise*,



HAND-SCREEN.

is put three and one-eighth inches deep over the leaf; bow of cream satin ribbon one and five-eighth inches wide.

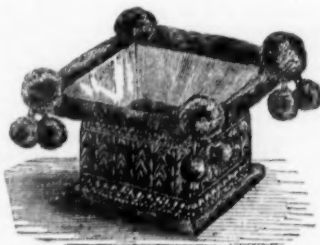


FLOWER FAN.

**Flower Fan.**—The flower fan shown in the illustration is of palm-leaf shape covered with silk, on the outside of which are geranium leaves and blossoms of silk and velvet. Long loops and ends of narrow ribbon hang down from the place where the handle covered with silk is set on.

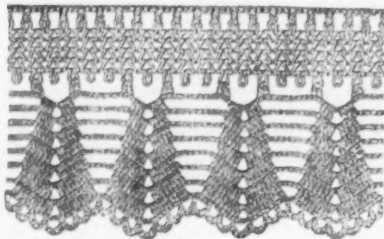
**Cotton Basket.**—The foundation of the basket is cardboard. Cut four pieces four inches in length and three in breadth, cover with ruby plush, and sew together at the end with a needle and silk; cut a square of card measuring five inches for the bottom, cover with plush, and sew to the sides. The four pieces

which form the top measure four inches at one side, but are sloped in cutting to measure five and a half inches at the top; these are sewn together and then sewn to the sides; they are lined with pale, gold-



COTTON BASKET.

colored silk, and are bound and covered on the outside with plush; three woolen balls are sewn to each corner. A band of Congress canvas, embroidered with shades of olive and ruby silk, is placed over the sides.



CROCHET TRIMMING.

**Trimming: Crochet and Mignardise.**—For the edge:

1st row: 1 double into 2 picots together, 3 chain, 1 double into 2 next picots together, 4 chain, \* 1 double into 2 next picots together, 3 chain, repeat from \* twice more, then repeat from the beginning of the row.

2d row: 4 trebles under centre, 3 chain, 2 trebles separated by 3 chain under 4 chain, 4 chain, 2 trebles separated by 3 chain under same 4 chain the last were worked under. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

3d to 5th rows: Like 2d row.

6th row: 4 trebles into the 4 trebles of last row, 1 treble under 4 chain, 3 chain, 3 trebles, 4 chain, 3 trebles, 3 chain, and 1 treble under same 4 chain. Repeat from the beginning of the row.

For the heading: One-half treble, 1 chain into each picot on the other side of mignardise.

**Covered Bottles.**—The fancy for these, as ornaments for the bureau or toilette-table, has taken on a new lease of favor, only there are some differences between the older fashion and its new form. The bottles used are now short and stout instead of, as formerly, tall and slender. Sometimes the bottles are round, sometimes nearly square, so giving four sides for decoration, if desired. The material employed for covering is satin or, more commonly, Surah or twilled satin, of any shade, which last is usually chosen to match the appointments of the room in which the bottles are to be placed. The satin is simply turned up at the bottom of the bottle, lapped over and hemmed up the back, shirred around the neck, and held in place by ribbon, knotted in front, the ribbon harmonizing or contrasting with the satin. It was the custom to edge the top of the bottle-covering with lace; now, the satin

is simply fringed out, so that fringe about an inch in depth stands up all around the cut-glass stopper, nearly hiding it.

Satin-covered bottles are almost invariably decorated with hand-painting. Embroidery has been used, but it interferes with the smooth fit of the satin over the bottle. Transfer pictures have also been employed, but these are not high art. One of the latest wrong ideas is to paste upon the bottles an appliqué figure, cut out from colored silk embroidery.

Sometimes a pin-cushion accompanies a pair of bottles. This is of satin to match, and is edged with a deep ruching, fringed out like the tops of the bottle coverings. The decoration is a spray of hand-painting upon the top. The bottles and cushion are set upon satin mats, edged with fringed-out ruching or fluting. Sometimes, instead of a pin-cushion, a trimmed box keeps the bottles company. A square box, with lid, is first covered and lined with silesia, the top of the lid being padded, like a pin-cushion. This is then covered with a square of satin decorated with hand-painting like the bottles. Around the lid of the box, so as to droop down over the sides, is then arranged a ruffle of inexpensive lace. The bottles and box are set upon lace-edged mats.

**Crocheted Twine.**—The fancy continues for tidies, lambrequins, and borders for table-covers, of seine twine, crocheted to imitate macramé lace. Crocheted twine is almost as effective as real macramé, but not one-half so difficult of execution. Any lady who can crochet any old-fashioned shell-lace pattern can readily make a mantel lambrequin or decoration for a stand without special directions. The materials required are only écaré twine and a stout bone crochet needle.

The greater part of the work is simply coarse crochet lace, from one-quarter to one-half a yard in width. After the lace is completed a row of knotted fringe is added to its scalloped edge. This is done merely by cutting the twine into regular lengths and knotting bundles of the twine, containing a uniform number of strands, through the border of the shells, leaving two, three, or four stitches of the border between every two bundles of strands. The fringe should be nearly of the same depth as the lace—that is, one-quarter of a yard or more.

**Darned Net.**—This, besides its humbler office of constituting tidies and trimming for lingerie, now takes the more ambitious form of bed-spreads, pillow-shams, and window-curtains. The materials used are white cotton net and linen floss. The patterns are simply conventional figures, consisting principally of straight and diagonal lines.

**Ric-rao Tidy.**—A pretty tidy is made of ric-rao braid and finished in floss and ribbon. A very effective one, recently seen, consisted of a square of daisies, the daisies formed of the braid in rosettes, so that the points of the braid represented daisy petals. Each rosette was mounted upon a circular piece of white muslin, the muslin drawn up so as to form a button-like puff in the centre of the rosette. This puff was then worked over with yellow floss, to imitate the yellow centre of a daisy. The daisies joined in stripes left open spaces, forming regular rows throughout the work; through these were run blue ribbon. The tidy was finished by a large blue bow in one upper corner.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHION NOTES.

**Spring and summer toilettes** for general wear are of light woolen fabrics, two materials often being combined in one costume. They are characterized by long basques, with deep points in front; plaited skirts, sometimes one or two deep plaitings covering the entire front and side breadths, and overskirt drapery, either short and puffed or long in the back, straight or plaited, without loopings. The trimming most fancied for these simple woolen costumes is braid or soutache embroidery.

A pretty costume is of brown and écaré bison-cloth. The skirt is edged at the hem with a narrow knife-plaiting of the brown cloth. Above this, nearly covering the foundation-skirt, are two plaitings of the écaré cloth, about eighteen inches in depth. Upon these plaitings are arranged perpendicular rows of braid, the ends fringed out to fall like tassels over the lower edges of the plaitings. Short, plaited, diagonal apron and long back draperies of the brown cloth, the edges of these draperies simply hemmed. Pointed basque of the brown cloth, with vest front, collar, and cuffs of the écaré cloth. The vest is further trimmed with horizontal rows of the braid, fringed at the ends, the collars and cuffs with perpendicular rows.

Another pretty costume is of dark-blue woolen material combined with one of light-colored wool. The skirt is of the dark-blue fabric, and consists chiefly of a heavy kilt-plaiting. The light blue is made up as a long polonaise, the front imitating a pointed basque, and a horizontally wrinkled apron. The back drapery hangs in plain, straight-box plaitings. The front of the basque is completed by a plastron of perpendicular plaitings and a narrow belting of blue velvet, with ends crossed over the plastron.

A third costume is of beige-colored nun's-veiling. The skirt consists of perpendicular plaits, which are attached to the foundation near the hem, to form a narrow ruffle, above which the greater part of the skirt hangs in one bag-like puff. The polonaise is formed of a basque, with attached drapery, this drapery being turned away at one side, making a Greek point. Back-drapery, long and looped in puffs. Collar, revers, and cuffs of velvet. The space between the revers is open to show a white guimpe or filling of lace. Folds of the drapery caught up to the basque by a buckle or passamenterie ornament.

Still another costume is of green cloth, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. The skirt is a deep kilt, near the hem of which is arranged the velvet, a wide band between two narrower ones. The polonaise is fastened in the back, a triple row of velvet running down the front from the neck to the edge of the apron-drapery. Velvet collar and cuffs.

High puffed sleeves are seen in all of these costumes. Such sleeves now form part of all the new waists, wraps, and even shoulder-capes, giving the effect of the upper part of a coat. It may also be remarked here that these costumes present nearly all of the prevailing ideas in dressmaking.

Tailor-made costumes are now always accompanied by a small hat or bonnet made of the same cloth as the dress.

**Millinery.**—The fashionable bonnet is the small capote. This is worn by ladies of all ages, from fifteen to fifty or more. Capotes have been worn this spring by the bridesmaids at all the fashionable church-weddings. This little bonnet may be made of any material, but at present the fancy seems to be for tulle and velvet. The frame is merely a few gilt or silver

wires, over which is loosely puffed the tulle, a band of bright-colored velvet forming the brim. If strings are added they are of tulle, with a bow of the bright velvet under the chin.

**Novelties.**—Straw for bonnets is now used as a fabric, folded in the same way that silk or velvet would be, over a wire frame. Tulle or illusion now comes dotted all over with straw, like beads. Dividing favor with tulle are China and Japanese crape and silk mull. These are made up simply, according to fancy, and the styles are so little complicated that any lady may easily do her own millinery.

**Flowers.**—The favorite flowers this season will be poppies, pink and white clovers, pink rosebuds, pink flowering almonds, and bachelors' buttons. Black bonnets will be trimmed with white flowers, and white bonnets with pink ones. A pretty fancy is for tiny, unblown rosebuds, similar to those formerly known as "baby-buds," for young ladies' bonnets.

**Lace bonnets,** white, black, and *écru*, will be very popular. They may or may not be trimmed with small flowers. A wreath of flowers or buds is frequently arranged in front of the crown of a lace bonnet.

**Gold threads and gilt tips** may be seen upon a bonnet of any style. **Gilt pins** are stuck about a bonnet regardless of anything, save caprice.

**Favorite Colors.**—The daintiest tints of cream, lavender, pink, and pale green enter into the pretty China-crape capotes. The most decidedly novel combination is red and pink, as red roses upon pink crape or pink roses upon red crape. The two fashionable colors are mushroom brown and poppy red.

**Flower Bonnets.**—These are made entirely of one

flower, as heliotrope or violet. A Paris fancy is for opera bonnets of natural flowers. A lady desiring a flower bonnet sends her bonnet-frame to the florist with her order, the day before that upon which the bonnet is to be worn.

**Natural Flowers.**—The flower now fashionable above all others is the Marechal Niel rose. At a recent wedding the bride wore Marechal Niel roses instead of the conventional orange-blossoms. Bridesmaids now invariably carry immense bouquets of these beautiful yellow roses, which seem to have driven the long-favorite red Jacqueminot and pink Bon Silene completely out of sight.

**Wild flowers,** by this time, have become established favorites for decoration. It is now the practice among the wealthiest of our citizens to fill their costliest vases with sylvan beauties, as violets, anemones, daisies, and buttercups, as long as the season for wild-flowers continues, which is really from April until November in these latitudes. Perhaps this fashion was copied from the English, who have, within recent years, taken into favor their cowslips and primroses. This season the fancy has sprung up for "wild gardening," which is a very old fashion revived. It is much affected by young ladies, and it consists in transplanting wild-flowers from the fields and woods to the garden, and cultivating them, like exotics. This, also, is a fashion to be commended, as it must aid, in time, in destroying the long-prevailing ridiculous taste for double flowers, hybrids, and other floral monstrosities, which so many of our mistaken friends believe beautiful.

**Gloves.**—For full-dress, tan or gold-colored undressed kid gloves, or *gants de Suède*. These colored gloves are now worn, even by bridesmaids, with white toilettes.

## Notes and Comments.

### Work for Women.

**MISS EMILY FAITHFUL**, who has visited California, writes home, advising English women who have to support themselves to come out to that State, where certain industries unknown in England can be profitably entered into. Among these is the culture of oranges, apricots, nectarines, and almonds, all of which is carried on successfully by women. She refers to Miss Austen's raisins as the best in the San Francisco market. Commenting on Miss Faithful's advice to her countrywomen, the *Press*, of this city, says:

"If it will pay an Englishwoman to cross the ocean and a continent to raise bees, silk-worms, or grow small fruits, it certainly will pay the wives and daughters of Pennsylvania and Jersey farmers to do the same on an odd acre or two of the family farm. But if such a woman wants to add to her income, she either begins to write novels or poetry for the magazines or to paint china or to torture wool and silk into hideous 'decorations' which never sell, or she rushes up to one of the seaboard cities to become a teacher or shop girl. If she cannot succeed in these undertakings, or has not the courage to face the world, she mopes and pines, discouraged, at home, and grows bitter against fate which has 'barred women out from so many careers.' We are inclined to suspect that much of the ill-success of women in trying to earn a livelihood since the war comes from their vaulting ambition. Out of every ten boys, eight per cent. become traders

of some kind or handicraftsmen. But girls essay to support themselves by their brains, as artists, authors, teachers, or saleswomen; their only idea of using their hands is to sew.

"We called attention the other day to the utter neglect by women of the great dairy industry. These which we have just cited bear a close relation to it, as does the raising of poultry. In all these vocations a woman can earn her livelihood in healthy out-door work, while secluded and protected in her own home."

### Women's Extravagances.

**R**EFERRING to the oft-repeated allegation that "the extravagance of women ruins the men," a lady writing for one of our daily papers says, with much force and pertinence:

"How many men confide in their wives and daughters, letting them understand clearly just how much money they may spend? He who allows them credit in his name at the grocery and dry goods stores considers himself liberal. He fixes no limit, and when the bills come he storms and pays them. 'Pa always soulds at my bills,' said a young lady of fashion. 'I don't see that their size has anything to do with it; so I might as well get what I want.' And this is precisely the ground which many other women take. Their helplessness in money matters is chargeable chiefly to the training given them by their fathers.

"From early childhood, every boy and girl should have a fixed allowance, however small, for pocket-

money, their very own, to spend or save as they may choose. In this way only can the value of money be learned—the lesson that we cannot eat our cake and have it, too. The child will plan and contrive, and thus gradually learn the judicious use of money, finding by experience just how much it will buy. If this plan were more frequently pursued we should have more men and women capable of managing their affairs and hear less of the outcry continually made against extravagance."

### Imitation Alligator Skin.

**T**HERE are few articles of common use for which any large demand exists which have not their counterfeits and imitations, and some of these are so perfect that only experts can detect them. Just now there is a great demand for handsomely marked leather, such as that obtained from alligator and boa skin, and the supply is not nearly equal to the demand. A large proportion of leather sold as the product of the alligator, is said to be really a photograph of the original article. It is managed in this way. The real skin, with its curious, rectangular spaces separated by grooved markings, is carefully photographed. From the negative thus obtained, a copy is produced in bichromated gelatine, which has the property, under the action of light, of affording images in relief. This is easily reproduced in metal, which serves the purpose of a die. Common cheap leather is now taken and placed with this die under heavy pressure, when all the delicate markings of the alligator skin are indelibly impressed upon it. The finished product can be stained in any way required, but is more frequently preferred to remain the brown color left by the tanning operation.

### How to Keep from Drowning.

**T**HE Boston *Science News* published several months ago the following directions in cases of danger from drowning. A clear knowledge of the situation and the exercise of ordinary presence of mind would save from death a large number of persons who are cast into the water by the upsetting of boats and other accidents:

"The human body weighs a pound in the water, and a chair will carry two grown persons; that is, it will keep the head above water, which is all that is necessary when it is a question of life or death. One finger placed upon a stool or chair, a small box, or a piece of board, will easily keep the head above water, while the two feet and other hand may be used as paddles to propel toward the shore. It is not at all necessary to know how to swim to be able to keep from drowning in this way. A little experience of the buoyant power of water, and faith in it, is all that is required. We have seen a small boy, who could not swim a stroke, propel himself back and forth across a deep, wide pond by means of a board that would not sustain five pounds' weight. Children, and all others, should have practice in the sustaining power of water. In nine cases out of ten the knowledge that to be able to sustain a pound-weight is all that is necessary to keep one's head above water will serve better in emergencies than the greatest expertness as a swimmer. A person unfamiliar with the buoyant power of water will naturally try to climb on top of the floating object on which he tries to save himself. If it is large enough, that is all right. But it is gener-

ally not large enough; and half of a struggling group is often drowned in the desperate scramble of a life-and-death struggle to climb on top of a piece of wreck or other floating object not large enough to keep them all entirely above water. This often happens when pleasure-boats capsize. All immediately want to get out of the water on top of the overturned or half-filled boat, and are all drowned, except those whom the wrecked craft will wholly bear up. If they would simply trust the water to sustain ninety-nine hundredths of the weight of their bodies, and the disabled boat the other hundredth, they might all be saved, under most circumstances. An overturned or water-filled wooden boat will sustain more people in this way than it will carry. It would keep the heads above water of as many people as could get their hands on the gunwale. These are simple facts, easily learned, and may some day save your life."

### Remarkable Experiments.

**O**F late a number of experiments have been made at Folkestone, England, to test the value of oil as a means of calming "troubled waters." One of these experiments is thus referred to by *Chambers's Journal*:

"A second experiment was made at the same place with Mr. Gordon's invention. This consists of firing shells filled with oil, which, when the shell bursts, spreads itself over the water. Each shell contains about three-quarters of a gallon of oil. They are fired from mortars, a charge of eight ounces of pebble powder being used. The shell is simply an oil-flask, at the bottom of which is a recess for a fuse of somewhat peculiar construction. It consists of two small chambers. In these there is a projecting submarine fuse about an inch in length. The fuse is capped with a composition which renders it absolutely waterproof, and is so constructed as to secure its ignition with unerring certainty. Then the fuse is so timed that it bursts at the time required, and just as the shell is touching the surface of the water. The oil from each shell covers a very considerable area of surface. Somewhere about a dozen of these shells were fired at a range of from four hundred and fifty to five hundred yards. The effect was wonderful. The hissing and raging waters were gradually allayed. For a considerable space the sea was converted into a lake with a gentle swell, in which a ship or a boat could ride with perfect ease."

### New Publications.

**THE HYGIENE HOME COOK BOOK**; or, Healthful and Palatable Food Without Condiments. By R. T. Trall, M. D. Fifth edition. A book of recipes. Pp. 72, paper. New York: Fowler & Wells. Price, 25 cents.

**LUELLE: A Southern Romance.** By Richard Pennfield. Pp. 349. Philadelphia: E. Claxton & Co.


**HEALTH IN THE HOUSEHOLD**; or, Hygienic Cookery. By Susan W. Dodds, M. D. Pp. 602. This large work by Mrs. Dodds, a student of the late Dr. Trall, is the most comprehensive work yet published on the healthful preparation of food. Price, \$2.00.

**SPEECHES, LECTURES, AND LETTERS BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.** Pp. 562; paper cover. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, 50 cents.



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In this untried field he labored for a year—meeting many failures in his experiments, working hard at details, and creating a literature which the work absolutely required. On the last of June, ten years ago, the practicability of the enterprise was demonstrated. But he had exhausted his resources, broken his health.

and almost sacrificed his life. The ship was built and launched, but three years' struggle proved to him that he could not freight and man it. Six and a half years ago he found a man who could appreciate the value of the work in hand. Our united forces have fulfilled the brightest hopes of the pioneer.

From the outset we have dealt truthfully with the suffering sick, realizing that they at least had a right to demand such dealing. We know that we had a curative agent superior to any other in the world, and therefore the simple truth about it would be the best credentials it could have; hence we were not tempted to invent testimonials, nor to steal genuine ones, nor to romance on any.

During the last four years we have recorded in our books statements of diseases, reports of progress, repeated advice and prescriptions, of over twenty thousand persons. Much more could be said in proof of the success of our work as a commercial enterprise; but let this suffice. It is of much greater importance to prove that our professional success has exceeded the other.

What have we to show in this direction? During those fourteen years we have treated thirty thousand patients. Among these a large proportion had been sick for years. They had exhausted the skill of the best physicians of all schools, different sanitariums, various natural health resorts, shops of nostrum-mongers, and months of hygienic traveling. In many of these cases it has cost more to remove the baleful effects of the treatment practiced on them than those of the original disease. How many of them have been desperate cases may be inferred from the fact that we have filled scores of orders—sent unconditionally—in which the patient had passed beyond the reach of any remedy on its arrival. And out of this unpromising multitude, ninety per cent. have been either cured or greatly benefited.

We have proved that a number of diseases which by common consent have been assigned to the category of "incurables" no longer belong there. We have cured a number of cases of Bright's disease. Two of these cases were brothers, whose father, one brother, and one sister had died of the same disease. We have treated four cases of *Loco-motor ataxia* or *progressive paralysis*. In all of these the progress of the disease has been arrested (which no system of medication has ever been known to do), and the patients have made genuine progress toward health. We almost never fail to cure asthma—even of fifteen years' standing—unless the case has been spoiled by the use of narcotics, which served as palliatives, but constantly aggravated the disease. The same can be said of that "*opprobrium medicendi*," hay fever. The cases of consumption—confirmed phthisis—which the Compound Oxygen has cured can be counted by scores. We are confident that we make more genuine cures of catarrh—nasal, laryngeal, bronchial, and pulmonary—than all the catarrh-specialists in the country.

A distinguished member of the New York Bar, who appeared to be a wreck, both physically and mentally, and who had settled up his worldly affairs, resumed his active business after three months' treatment, and this business he has successfully followed for a year. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who has been disabled for

nearly two years by a dangerous exhaustion of the brain, has for three years been prosecuting her professional work with more ease and energy than ever before. The Hon. W. D. Kelley, the Father of the National House of Representatives, will tell any one that he owes the last ten years of his life to Compound Oxygen. William Penn Nixon, of the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, says that he owes his life and some years of active usefulness to the virtues of Compound Oxygen. The public know very well the unqualified testimony which Mr. T. S. Arthur has borne in favor of the Compound Oxygen.

But why multiply examples? We have published many hundred statements in the patients' own language of the effects of Compound Oxygen in almost every kind of disease.

Now, what of the future? Having accomplished what we have, and against such odds, our progress henceforward should be broader, more successful, and more beneficent. As was to have been expected, proprietors of sanitariums and health resorts, whose business has been diverted from them by the popularity of the Compound Oxygen, try to show that our agent is inert. But until they can rationally account for the thousands of wonderful cures effected by it, their tirades are in vain. Of course there are—and there will probably be more—imitators of the Compound Oxygen. Some have already stolen our title, our literature, and even our testimonials. One of them, having obtained from William Penn Nixon an opinion of Compound Oxygen in his own case, now publishes it as though Mr. Nixon was cured by his treatment instead of ours! They will have their day.

But, despite all factious opposition, Compound Oxygen must become increasingly popular so long as it possesses the ability to effect such remarkable cures as now attest its merit.

For full information regarding the Treatment and its use, address DRs. STARKET & PALER, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia.

#### IMPERIAL GRANUM.

A competent medical authority of our acquaintance has borne to us high testimony, from his personal observation, of the excellent service which Imperial Granum has rendered in cases of Diarrhoea or Inflammation of the Stomach. We are glad to be able to repeat that here. The secret of its action is simply that its value arises from nothing more or less than the nutritive element of selected wheat. All the other elements, and that effete matter of the grain which occasions so much labor for the stomach in digestion, are eliminated. For years the chemists of the world have been trying to isolate the nutrition of grain, and have at last succeeded in producing this incomparable dietetic preparation and delicious food. In almost all diseases of the stomach and bowels it must act like a charm, as it is assimilated at once, the system being strengthened and the strength kept up without the least effort of the diseased organs, which, being allowed to rest, the cure is only a question of a few days. To many, during hot weather, particularly children, this delicious food will be invaluable. The faculty are fast becoming acquainted with its virtue, and in many parts of the country it has already become their chief reliance in treatment of diseases peculiar to the season. To those of the faculty not acquainted with it we commend a trial.—*N. Y. Catholic Review*.



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**MRS. AUGUST VALENTINE, of Buffalo, N. Y.,** had become nearly bald, and though she made use of many of the so-called hair restorers, none had any effect. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR did what nothing else could do, and now the lady again has a fine head of hair, thanks entirely to it.

**GEO. MAYER, Flatonia, Texas,** presented an apparently hopeless case. Baldness was hereditary in his family. By the time he was 23 years old he had scarcely any hair left. One bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR started a soft, downy growth all over his scalp, and in a few months his head was covered with soft, dark and abundant hair.

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The rare medicinal powers, emollient, stimulative and tonic, possessed by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR enable it to cure speedily Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Tetter-sores, Dandruff, Humors of various kinds, and other diseases of the scalp liable to cause baldness. It is not a dye, contains no coloring matter, and effects its rejuvenation of faded or gray hair simply by bringing back the vigor of youth to the roots and color glands of the hair.

The wife of **DR. V. S. LOVELACE, Lovelace, Ky.,** had very bad Tetter Sores on her head. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cured them.

The son of **JAMES N. CARTER, Occogan, Va.,** was cured of Scald-Head by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

**HERBERT BOYD, Minneapolis, Minn.,** was cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR of intolerable Itching of the Scalp.

**MRS. O. DAVENPORT, Williamstown, Vt.,** became entirely bald at the age of 20 and remained so 38 years, during which time she tried many hair "restorers" without success. Eventually she used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, four bottles of which covered her head with a fine growth of silky brown hair, twelve inches long.

**MRS. O. O. PRESCOTT, Charlestown, Mass.,** had lost two-thirds of her hair, by its falling out, when she applied AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and one bottle of it caused her hair to grow out even more handsome than before it began to fall.

**MRS. D. N. PARKS, Clio, Michigan,** is 57 years of age, and her hair was quite gray, but one bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR restored the color it bore in youth, and she now has "as fine a head of hair as when she was but 16."

**VINCENT JONES, Richmond, Ind.,** lost all his hair in consequence of a severe attack of brain fever. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR brought out a new growth in a few weeks, and it speedily grew long and thick.

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Ladies who have once made trial of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR never after prefer any other hair-dressing, and many of them voluntarily offer such testimonials as the following, from **MISS KATE ROSE, Ingersoll, Ont.,** who writes:

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"I suffered for 12 years from Piles, as none but those that have been afflicted can realize. Kidney-Wort quickly cured me. LYMAN T. ARELL, Georgia, Va.

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"I was a great sufferer from diseased Kidneys and was terribly constipated for years. I am now at seventy as well as ever I was in my life and it is due alone to Kidney-Wort. C. P. BROWN, Westport, N. Y.

**RHEUMATISM.**

"After suffering for thirty years from Rheumatism and kidney trouble, Kidney-Wort has entirely cured me." ELBRIDGE MALCOLM, West Bath, Me.

**FEMALE COMPLAINTS.**

"Kidney-Wort has cured my wife after two years suffering and weakness, brought on by use of a Sewing Machine." DR. C. M. SUMMELIN, Sun Hill, Ga.

**FOR THE BLOOD.**

"The past year I have used Kidney-Wort more than ever, and with the best results. Take it all in all, it is the most successful remedy I have ever used." PHILLIP C. BALLOU, M. D., Monkton, Vt.

**MALARIA.**

"Chronic Malaria for years, with liver disease made me wish for death. A European trip, doctors and medicine did no good, until I used Kidney-Wort—that CURED me." HENRY WARD, Late Col. 6th Reg., N. G. S., N. Y., Jersey City, N. J.

It acts at the same time on the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS stimulating them to healthy action and keeping them in perfect order. Sold by all Druggists, Price \$1.00 Liquid or Dry. The latter can be sent by mail.

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BURLINGTON, VERMONT, U. S. A.  
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CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.  
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The most reliable substitute, at present known, for mothers' milk; and a sustaining, strengthening diet for Invalids. It is nutritious, easily digested, and acceptable to the most irritable stomach. Its superiority to other similar preparations rests not only on scientific analysis, but on the crucial test of thirty years' experience throughout Great Britain and her Colonies, and of many years in the United States. In the face of unscrupulous rivalry the sales have steadily

increased, so that today they are larger than ever.  
In cans, 30c., 60c., \$1.25 and \$1.75. Send stamp for pamphlet and cards to WOOLRICH & CO., Palmer, Mass.

**Cut This Out** and Return to us with TEN CTS., and you'll get by mail a GOLDEN BOX OF GOODS that will bring you in MORE MONEY, in One Month, than anything else in America. Absolute Certainty. Need no capital. M. Young, 173 Greenwich St., N.Y.

## COMPARATIVE WORTH OF BAKING POWDERS.



## REPORTS OF GOVERNMENT CHEMISTS

### As to Purity and Wholesomeness of the Royal Baking Powder.

"I have tested a package of Royal Baking Powder, which I purchased in the open market, and find it composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates, or other injurious substances."

"E. G. LOVE, Ph.D."

"It is a scientific fact that the Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure."

"H. A. MOTT, Ph.D."

"I have examined a package of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by myself in the market. I find it entirely free from alum, terra alba, or any other injurious substance."

"HENRY MORTON, Ph.D., President of Stevens Institute of Technology."

"I have analyzed a package of Royal Baking Powder. The materials of which it is composed are pure and wholesome."

"S. DANA HAYES, State Assayer, Mass."

"June 23, 1882.—We have made a careful analytical test of Royal Baking Powder, purchased by ourselves in the open market here, and in the original package. We find it to be a cream of tartar powder of the highest degree of strength, containing nothing but pure, wholesome, and useful ingredients."

"JUAN H. WRIGHT, M. D., } Analytical Chemists, St. Louis."  
"ALBERT MERRELL, M. D., }

The Royal Baking Powder received the highest award over all competitors at the Vienna World's Exposition, 1873; at the Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876; at the American Institute, and at State Fairs throughout the country.

No other article of human food has ever received such high, emphatic, and universal indorsement from eminent chemists, physicians, scientists, and Boards of Health all over the world.

NOTE.—The above DIAGRAM illustrates the comparative worth of various Baking Powders, as shown by Chemical Analysis and experiments made by Prof. Schedler. A one pound can of each powder was taken, the total leavening power or volume in each can calculated, the result being as indicated. This practical test for worth by Prof. Schedler only proves what every observant consumer of the Royal Baking Powder knows by practical experience that, while it costs a few cents per pound more than the ordinary kinds, it is far more economical, and besides affords the advantage of better work. A single trial of the Royal Baking Powder will convince any fair minded person of these facts.

\* While the diagram shows some of the alum powders to be of a higher degree of strength than other powders ranked below them, it is not to be taken as indicating that they have any value. All alum powders, no matter how high their strength, are to be avoided as dangerous.